

THE
FUGITIVE:

A
COMEDY.

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE
KING'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

BY
JOSEPH RICHARDSON, Esq.
BARRISTER AT LAW.

*Ætherias, lascive cupis, volitare per auras
I, FUGE, sed poteris, tutior esse domi.*

MARTIAL.

C O R K :

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1792.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Dartford	—	—	Mr. DODD.
Sir William Wingrove	—	—	Mr. BENSLEY.
Mr. Wingrove	—	—	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Old Manly	—	—	Mr. PARSONS.
Young Manly	—	—	Mr. PALMER.
Admiral Cleveland	—	—	Mr. KING.
Mr. Welford	—	—	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Jenkins	—	—	Mr. MADDOX.
Larron	—	—	Mr. WEWITZER.
O'Donnel	—	—	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
William	—	—	Mr. BENSON.
Servant	—	—	Mr. BANKS.

W O M E N.

Mrs Manly	—	—	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Miss Herbert	—	—	Miss FARREN.
Miss Julia Wingrove	—	—	Mrs. JORDAN.
Miss Manly	—	—	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Mrs. Larron	—	—	Miss POPE.
Mrs. Rachel Cleveland	—	—	Mrs. WARD.



PROLOGUE.

WRITTEN BY

RICHARD TICKELL, Esq.

Spoken by *Mr. Bannister, Junior.*

WHAT perturbation flutters in the breast
Of the fair Novice, for St. James's drest !
What almost equal hopes and fears transport
The matron friend that *chaperon's* her to court !
Close to the Palace, as her chair draws near,
The very tassels seem to quake with fear. —
On moves her friend, amid the gathering bands
Of stars, gold sticks, blue ribbons, and white wands ;
With look that canvass and with pleading air
Bespeaking favour for the stranger there ;
Who, close behind, while fearfully she goes,
Peeps thro' her fan, and eyes the observing beaux.
As, down the labyrinth of filk and lace,
They catch a vista vision of her face. —
Such are the terrors untried bards dismay,
Thus to this Court, the Prologue leads the Play ;
Actor and Author in one panic join'd ;
I quake before the curtain ; he behind. —
And yet, in modern times, the aspiring Wit
Braves but few perils from the well dress'd Pit.
Not as of old, when, train'd to frown and fret,
In murky state, the surly synod met.
Vain of half learning and of foreign rules,
Vamp'd from the jargon of the ancient schools,
In black full-bottom'd wig, the Critic God
Shook his umbrageous curls, and gave the nod !
The Pit was then all men—how shrunk the muse
From those bleak rows of overhanging yews !
Unlike the gay parterre we now salute,
That shines at once with blossoms and with fruit ;

With chequer'd crowds that mingled taste dispense ;
 With female softness join'd to manly sense.—
 Here, if ungenerous spleen should strive for vent,
 Some fair associate soothes it to content ;
 It's rage with promissory looks beguiles,
 And checks the incipient hiss by well-tim'd smiles—
 The vanquish'd critics frown, but soften fast ;
 Hiss and look—hiss and look—hiss and look—and clap at
 last.

Oh ! if each sterner judge thus mildly view
 The poet's toils, what can he dread from you ?
 From forms with sympathetic softness join'd ;
 From features fashion'd to the lovlier mind ;
 From eyes, where gentleness has fix'd her throne ;
 From roseate lips, that move in smiles alone—
 Well may the Fugitive with hope appear,
 When every blended grace gives refuge here.



THE
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ACT I.

SCENE I. *An Apartment in Sir William Wingrove's House.*

Enter Sir William and Miss Julia Wingrove.

Julia.

LET me intreat you, Sir, to hear me—let reason be my advocate.

Sir William. Reason, Julia!—You know 'tis my delight, my glory. What constitutes the pre-eminence of man, but his reason? 'Tis, like the sacred virtue of high blood, a natural exaltation, of which we can never lose the advantage, but by voluntary degradation, or perverse misuse—What but reason is the foundation of my preference for Lord Dartford?—Is he not of a family as ancient, even as my own?

Julia. Did Lord Dartford inherit any of the virtues, which, probably, acquired those highly valu'd honours of his ancestry, my father might have some cause to regret that his daughter's inclinations were at enmity with her duty.

Sir William. And where, madam, have you learnt, that the splendor of Lord Dartford's family suffers any diminution in his own person?

Julia. Where some of the happiest years of my life have been passed, sir, at my dear deceased aunt's.

Sir William. Mr. Manly, now, I dare say, had not the least share in producing this aversion to Lord Dartford.

Julia. Mr. Manly, sir!—Mr. Manly wou'd scorn—nor can it ever be necessary for him to raise his own character by a useless degradation of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Aye, aye, now we have it—I thought what share the eloquence of your aunt had had in this apostacy, from the faith of your ancestors—Mr. Manly, it seems, has contrived to make so successful a monopoly of all the virtues, that there does not remain even the leavings of an accomplishment for any other person.—But since I despair of making *you* enter into the just views of your family, by dutifully consenting, as you ought, to marry a man for the revered merit of his blood, your brother shall try, whether your young spark be not composed of more practicable materials.

Julia. For heaven's sake, dear sir, forego this—What must be consequence of their meeting?

Sir William. If you have any objection to the interview, you know how to prevent it.

Julia. Oh, sir, do not force me to so dreadful an alternative. I will, if you require it, bind myself by the most solemn engagements to give up all thoughts of Mr. Manly, only let me no more be persecuted with the addresses of Lord Dartford.

Sir William. Nay, now I must believe you; for where has it been recorded that an enamour'd damsel ever broke a promise to an old father, when given at the expence of a young lover?—For once, however, you must excuse me, if I am a little disobedient to the authority of precedent, and endeavour to find some better security for the honour of my family, even than your love-sick renunciation of the object of your affections.

Julia. Yet, sir, hear me.

Sir William. I do hear you—But first tell me why have I preserved

preserved you, since the decease of your aunt, from all intercourse with the world, with the single exception of the friendship of Miss Herbert, whose approaching alliance with your brother, gives her a common interest in the lustre of our house?—Why have I, like a fond parent, forbid you society?—Kept you sacred from the arts of our sex, and the more dangerous follies of your own—lock'd you up and guarded you, like the archives of my own family, that you might increase in value, as you advanc'd in years?—Why? but to secure you from the contagion of a degenerate world—who feel more anxiety about the means of supporting new families, than awful reverence for the names of old ones, and would meanly thrive by plebeian industry, rather than diet on the rich recollection of their immortal ancestry.

Julia. But my dear father, just now, kindly condescended to say he would suffer me to reason with him on this subject. Can birth, alone, entitle a man to the high distinction you speak of?—And surely Lord Dartford—

Sir William. Grant me patience, heaven! Do you call in question the prudence of my choice? Ungrateful Julia, never more will I hear you on this subject—and now attend my final determination—To-morrow you marry Lord Dartford.

Julia. To-morrow, sir!—You will not——

Sir William. Positively to-morrow—neither remonstrances nor tears, shall sway me from my determined purpose. I leave you now to your reflections, and go to adjust the necessary preliminaries of a ceremony, that will recall you, inconsiderate girl, to duty and to reason. [*Exit.*]

July. Is it possible!—Can my father thus shut his heart to the distresses of his Julia—my brother too, happy in his own affections, not only abandons me to the interested rigour of his cruel ambition, but assists and animates him in the prosecution of his views.—Wretched! friendless Julia—Whither wilt thou turn!—Ah Manly, that amidst the various excellencies of thy heart there is yet a careless generosity in thy nature—an irregular, though not ungraceful excess in thy very virtues, which, though it neither forbids esteem, nor damps affection, yet gives the alarm

alarm to delicacy, and checks the full pleasure of a fearless, unsuspecting confidence—were it not for this, I think I could not deny myself with thee a willing asylum from the severities of this domestic persecution. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II. *Sir William's Garden.*

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. Thus far, I have atchiev'd my purpose without discovery—what a devil of a wall have I had to scramble up to obtain even the chance of an interview—The sulky grandeur of your ancient battlements was always the difficulty, and the glory of an enamour'd hero—But what can the maddest of the most venerable lads of chivalry lay claim to, that does not to the full as reasonably belong to me? I have all their hopes with all their apprehensions, all their fears with all their confidence—All their weakness with all their fortitude—So I think it cannot be denied but that I possess as many good, sound contradictions in my character as the best of them—I have not indeed the gift of waiting that those gentlemen had, for I begin already to feel impatient at Julia's delay. Would I cou'd gain but a distant glimpse of her, or hear one strain of her enchanting voice—dear melodious voice! soft as a lover's sigh embodied into music, and sweet as the inspired eloquence of a consenting smile—But soft! soft! she approaches, and in tears! let me endeavour to learn the cause of them, before I make my appearance; what must he be composed of, and what does he not deserve, who has been prophane enough to excite them.

[Retires behind a tree.]

Enter Julia, and seats herself in an alcove.

Julia. Here let me rest awhile, and endeavour to collect my scattered thoughts. Could it be believed that my father, strict as his general notions of honour are, should think of forcing me to become the wife of a man whom my soul abhors!

Young Manly. Forcing thee!

Julia.

Julia. When, too, he is convinc'd of my being attach'd to another.

Young Manly. To another?

Julia. I think he loves me.

Young Manly. I'm sure he does—that is if I am he.

Julia. He is kind and generous, capable of the most ardent, and disinterested passion.

Young Manly. It must be me.

Julia. But he has faults, great faults.

Young Manly. Now I am sure 'tis me.

Julia. I dread the levity of his nature—Oh Manly, Manly, why cannot I trust thee.

Young Manly. I am sure I can't tell.

Julia. How gladly cou'd I owe the relief of my present afflictions to thy kindness, but for the dread of being afterwards expos'd to the severer calamity of thy indifference. Oh why, why, Manly, cannot I confide in thee!

Young Manly. (*comes forward.*) Why indeed! Dear generous Julia, banish these apprehensions, I never can injure truth, innocence, and beauty like thine.

Julia. Mr. Manly! How you have alarm'd me! What a rash step is this—But fly, I conjure you; if you have any regard for my happiness—fly.

Young Manly. Fly, Julia? Yes, swifter than a lover's thought; but you must be the partner of my flight.

Julia. You cannot surely be serious.

Young Manly. So serious that I shall not stir one single step without you—Julia, Julia, this is no time for trifling or for ceremony. To be candid with you, I have overheard you, and if I deserve punishment for the involuntary offence, reserve it till the danger is over that threatens you.

Julia. Indeed, Mr. Manly, your generous concern for me leaves me as little right, as I have inclination to be severe, but therefore it is I intreat you to quit this scene of danger—You know the fury of my relations.

Young Manly. Nay, Julia, I care not how soon I go—As we depart together, you cannot reasonably suspect me of being an advocate for delay.

Julia. What can you mean?

Young Manly.

Young Manly. Mean!—Why to decide my fate on the instant—Either to follow you as your humble slave through the wide world of happiness, for it can have no place in it forbidden to delight while you are with me, or meet with resignation, on the spot, the bitterest resentment of your vindictive family.

Julia. Oh! Manly, give me not such a fatal proof of your affection—I will consider of your proposal by to-morrow—but go now, I beseech you.

Young Manly. Not a step—If I am stubborn, Julia, you are my example. I have not often such authority for my conduct—I will not quit you till I am assured of your deliverance from this unnatural tyranny.

Julia. Hear me for a moment—I do not wish to conceal from you how much my gratitude is interested in your safety—The embarrassment of my present situation, added to this dangerous evidence of your attachment, will, I hope, in some measure, excuse me for the confession I'm about to—But indeed, Sir, indeed—what shall I say? A womanish apprehension prevails over my tongue, and sways it from the direction of my heart, in spite of me—Indeed, I cannot go with you—Character, prudence, duty forbid it.

Young Manly. I confess, madam, I was prepared to expect more candour, and more decision from the lips of Miss Wingrove.

Julia. Dear Manly, I thank you for this rebuke—it brings me back to myself—something must be allowed to the fond agitation of a woman's fears—but they are gone: Love himself, unfriendly as he is to truth, yet smiles propitiously upon a slow obedience to it at last.—Meet me at one, in the avenue before our house, and then with more safety to my Henry, as well as more security to our enterprise, I will resign myself and all my hopes to your faithful guidance.

Young Manly. Dearest Julia, on my knees I thank you—I am oppressed at once with love and gratitude—It is needless to say with what anxious, vigilant punctuality, I will obey your mandate—with what idolatry of submissive affection, I will watch over every rising thought, and
half-

half-formed object of your future life. [*Rises.*] From this moment, then, dismiss all apprehension of your Henry's levity, and be satisfied that—

Julia. I am satisfied—Surely, I have proved I am so—But interesting as your conversation always is, and on this theme fraught with peculiar endearment, I must deprive myself of it—You must go—pray obey me now—My turn for obedience approaches fast. Remember.

Young Manly. Can I forget the consecrated moment! Adieu, ever dearest, till then.

Julia. Adieu, dear Manly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Lord Dartford's House.

Enter Lord Dartford, followed by Jenkins.

Lord Dartford. Jenkins, does Sir William know of my arrival here?

Jenkins. He does, my lord.

Lord Dartford. Well, I suppose I must pay the first visit—But hold, should not I brush up my style a little, to enable me to undergo this encounter of genealogy? No—I believe there is no occasion; the secret lies in a short compass—Pedigree's the word—and one of your real accurate lovers of historical virtue—will believe any thing—And so, we'll trust to chance and the assistance of such convenient absurdities as may happen to arise—[*A knocking at the door.*—] But see who's there, Jenkins.

[*Jenkins goes, and introduces Sir William Wingrove.*]

Sir William. I hope, my lord, my presence, thus unannounced, does not interrupt any of your lordship's weightier concerns.

Lord Dartford. It is impossible that the favour of Sir William Wingrove's company can ever be felt as an intrusion.

Sir William. Your lordship is kindness itself—[*They sit down.*] It is a doubtful point with me, my lord, in the alliance which is upon the eve of accomplishment, by which party the honour will be given or receiv'd.

Lord Dartford. So he's off already—there's but one way

way for me—I should ill deserve my good fortune, Sir William, were I not sensible that the honour and the happiness are both eminently mine.

Sir William. Why, my lord, that is by no means a clear case—I perceive that your lordship possesses a very competent knowledge of the antiquity of our family; but to deal candidly with you, I believe yours takes its rise nearly about the same time—pretty nearly, that is to say—I mean within a century of us, or some such trifle—I dare say it does; for the Dartford family may be very clearly traced to the conquest.

Lord Dartford. The conquest, Sir William, is modern; it is not long since I perused a valuable manuscript, that makes very honourable mention of the Wingrove's, in one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy.

Sir William. Could your lordship procure me a sight of that manuscript? The favour will be infinite.

Lord Dartford. Sir William may rely upon it, that if my friend can be prevailed upon to resign the parchment, I shall be happy in promoting his wish. (*Aside.*) And if he does, his politeness must positively be of a most accommodating cast, to enable him to part with what he never had.

Sir William. In one of the remoter reigns of the Saxon Heptarchy! Is it possible! But why not possible?—To what times may not the family of the Wingrove's be traced by the laudable diligence of learned enquiry? Even up to the dark periods of early nature, of rudeness, ignorance, and barbarity, where Knowledge fails us, and History herself is lost in the confusion of her materials.

[*Muses.*

Lord Dartford. Now will he not be content till he has pursued his high birth to the illustrious parentage of a savage, and drawn the boasted stream of his pure blood from the polluted leavings of the deluge.

Sir William. Now, my lord, to business—The fifty thousand pounds which I purpose as my daughter's dower, is but a small, and indeed inadequate compensation for the honour of your dignified alliance—Happy, but too happy, should we all feel ourselves, if her inclinations
accorded

accorded with our wishes, and acquiesced in the brilliant provision we have made for her—But she is perverse, my lord, unaccountably perverse—Yet submit she shall, and that without delay—I am fixed, immutably fixed—But if your lordship will do me the honour to accompany me to my house, I will there explain to your lordship the difficulties we have to encounter, and the expedients we have provided to overcome them—Nay, my lord.

[*Contending on the etiquette of precedency.*]

Lord Dartford. Impossible, Sir William! mere title is adventitious, birth inherent. [Exit.

SCENE IV. *The Road, with a distant View of Sir William Wingrove's House.*

Enter Young Manly, singing.

Young Manly. Was there ever such a happy, unlucky dog as myself—happy beyond the narrow bounds of mortal imagination in the love of my Julia—but horribly unlucky, that the certainty and near approach of my felicity has quite bereft me of my senses—Just as I had abandoned myself to despair, to be raised in one delicious half-hour to the summit of—Oh! egad there's no bearing it! I shall run mad—I am mad, that's certain.

[*Sings and dances.*]

Enter Admiral Cleveland.

Admiral. So, so—there's young Frolicsome in his whirligigs—What, 'Squire Madcap, are you practising how to make a fool of yourself?—Don't take so much trouble, young man; you can succeed pretty well without so much pains.

Young Manly. Ha! my old man of war—give me your hand—When shall you and I go upon a voyage to the—

Admiral. To the moon, Eh! young Freshwater? Why you seem to be in her latitude already; or have you been stowing in a fresh lading of champagne?

Young Manly. Your first conjecture is perhaps a little near the mark; for my understanding, I believe, is rather upon the go; but as for champagne—curse champagne.

B

Admiral.

Admiral. What then have you been in a tight engagement at play, and have brought the enemy to—A'nt that it, my young shark?

Young Manly. No, no, my heart of oak; I defy the power of gold to disorder my senses—But, what do you think, my noble commander, of gaining the woman one loves. Can your old weather-beaten fancy conceive any joy equal to that?

Admiral. Why, I don't think I can; unless it be seeing an enemy's ship strike; and that does give the senses a whirl that none but a seaman can be a judge of.

Young Manly. Why then, as I am a stranger to naval sensations, the pleasure of being beloved by an angel, must serve my turn—When conquered beauty prepares to yield—when willing love strikes the flag—that's the whirl for my money.

Admiral. Well, that's good-natured, however, to rejoice at the thoughts of an engagement, where you are sure to have the worst on't.

Young Manly. Dear Admiral, had I but known you when I was a boy.

Admiral. What then?

Young Manly. Then? Do you ask me what then? Oh, Julia!

“ My soul hath her consent so absolute,

“ That not another comfort like to this

“ Succeeds in unknown fate.”

Admiral. Poor young man—Well, my lad, when your wits are at anchor, though I fear the vessel's too crazy ever to see port again, you and I may drink a can together—till then, your servant,

Young Manly. Nay, nay, don't go yet. [Dancing.

Admiral. Why, damn you, you vere about so, one might as well look for anchorage in a whirlpool, as think to hold a parley with you.

Young Manly. Well, come then, I will be serious—Do you ever pray at sea, admiral?

Admiral. Why, what should we pray for? Except, indeed, when there's danger in the wind, and then, to be sure, that alters the case.

Young Manly.

Young Manly. Well, now, there lies your error.

Admiral. Error!—meaning me.—You?

Young Manly. Aye!—I hold it such an abominable ignorance of duty.

Admiral. Ignorance of duty!—why, you palavering whipper snapper, am I to be taught my duty, after having had the command of a fleet, by such a sneaking son of a whore as you?

Young Manly. Nay, but why so hot, my good friend? You cannot think I meant to offend you?

Admiral. Not mean to offend, when you tell me I don't know how to command? Ignorance of duty, indeed—Out of my way, you live lumber—Damn you, I only thought you were mad, but now I find you're a fool.

[*Exit.*]

Young Manly. Ha! ha! ha!—At any other time I should have been a good deal vexed to have offended old True Blue, that's certain; but at this moment my heart's so crowded with sensations of mirth and joy—with such a confused jumble of contending raptures—with so much delight at what has already passed, and such a maddening anticipation of what is yet to come, that no thought of apprehensive care can obtain sanctuary in my bosom. My dear Julia, my own Julia! Oh! that idea overpowers me with transport—Gad so, there's Sir William—If I stay here much longer, playing the fool, I shall be observed by some of the family, and then—adieu to all my hopes—What shall I do?—I'll return to the Star Inn, which is just in view of the house, and deceive the tedious interval with my companions whom I left there, till my fair day star arises, that leads me to new life, to happiness and love.

[*Exit.*]

END OF ACT FIRST.

B 2

A C T

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A nearer View of Sir William Wingrove's House. (Moon-light.)*

Enter Julia. She opens the Door gently; and after an appearance of Irresolution, shuts it after her. She then comes forward.

Julia.

SO, now my fate's decided!---What have I done?---I dare not think upon it---If Manly now deceives me, I am undone---Shall I go back?---and consent to be the wife of Lord Dartford---that must follow---for but too well I know, that tenderness never yet prevailed upon the stern ambition of my father's nature---But why should I doubt my Henry's unstained honour?---Though he is wild, whom did he ever wrong?---Pardon, dear Manly---pardon the unjust suspicion of thy Julia---and see he comes to clear my heart of doubt. [*Manly sings without.*] Oh, Gracious Heaven, is this the man I've chosen to be the guardian of my honour?---Fly, fly, my feet---let me but reach my father's---The door is fast; I have now no hope left, unless the wild confusion that wine has made in him, prevent his observing me. Heaven grant it may.

[*Conceals herself behind a tree, and draws a veil over her face.*]

Enter Young Manly singing.

“Heighten every joy to-day, and never mind to-morrow.”

Aye, so say I---The present---the present is the only time that's worth a wise man's concern---why should we give ourselves any trouble about to-morrow, when we don't know that to-morrow will ever reach us?---or that we shall reach it, which is pretty nearly the same thing, I take it; and then there is just so much good care thrown away---Fore Heaven, the man that wrote that song must have been a most profound person---That single line ought to have immortalized him---It shall be my motto. [*Sings.*

“Why

“ Why the plague should we be sad,
 Whilst on earth we moulder;
 Whether we're merry, or grave, or mad,
 We every day grow older.”

'Sdeath, the ground's full of rocks and quick-sands, I think; my feet either sink or stumble at every step—What can be the reason? I that am so steady a goer—always, always was—all my life—Egad, I believe the thickets are going to dance—May be, they mistake me for Orpheus—Nay, gentlemen, if you pay such a compliment to my singing, I can do no less than take a turn with you—I am as frolicsome as you can be for the soul of you—So now, let me chuse my partner.—[*Catches at a tree, behind which Julia is concealed, who shrieks.*]—By all the sylvan powers, another Daphne! (*Kneels.*) Madam, behold a swain, not altogether so musical as Apollo, I grant you, but a good honest fellow for all that—So, madam, so—pssha, never mind more words—let us go.

Julia. Oh, my hard fortune!

Manly. What do you say?—Speak out, my angel—I know that your voice is more tuneful than Philomel's, or mine—that your eyes are the sparkling harbingers of love—that your dimples are the chosen hiding-places of all the Cupids—and those lips!—But hold—rot it—I had forgot—I can't see e'er a one of them—Never mind—no matter for that—I dare say it's all true; and if it isn't, why then we must mend the matter with thinking.

Julia. Oh, heavens! is it possible?

Young Manly. No, certainly—it cannot be possible—it isn't possible—Come, come, I know you are kind as you are beautiful, and so it is possible—and so, without more waste of time, come to my arms, and—

Julia. It is in vain to reason with him in this state—I must endeavour to divert his attention, and by that means escape him if I can.—If you will permit me to be your guide—

Young Manly. Enough, my pretty pilot; take me where you will. We will never part any more, shall we? No, never.

Julia. I dare say not, sir.

Young Manly. Not, sir?—Why to be sure not, sir—Never, never, never.

Julia. Let us walk quickly. (*Aside.*) Oh! Heaven, assist me.

Young Manly. As quick as you please; my angel—I'll fly, if you chuse, for I'm very steady, and very loving.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Wood.*

Enter Julia.

Julia. At length, thank Heaven, I have escaped—escaped—but is this a place of safety? What will become of me? Yet 'tis some comfort that the day appears—Oh, Manly, thou hast made life hateful to me.—Who comes here?—I've surely seen his face. Oh! I remember I have seen him sometimes at my aunt's, with lace and gauzes—If he should not know me, perhaps I may prevail on him to conceal me—He has a wife, I know. Let me consider what I shall say to him.

Enter Larron (with bundles.)

Dese villain Customs-house Officers give von honest man no reste—You go to bed late—you rise early—par-die—you sit up all night—it make no difference, dey vil be vid you—Ma foi, I believe dey tink sleep contrabande (*sees Julia.*) Ah! par St. Dominique, here be von young ladi en great agitation—Ah! per hazard her equipage est un peu derangé, and she be retire here till tout soit ajusté—a littel civilité de ma parte, me produira peutêtre beaucoup de pratique on de ladi's—En verité de torough bred trader know how to faire son profit de chaque circonstance.—Madame, excuse—but you seem beaucoup affligé si Madame—if I can by de utmost exertion of mine contribuer en de smallest instance de votre accomodation, I shall consider de fortune vich led me dis vay, as de plus grande felicité de ma vie, de greatest happiness of my life.

Julia. He speaks very civilly; I think I may venture to tell him so much of my unhappy situation, as may let him know how much I need his assistance. *Larron.*

Larron. Madam, you no anseere—May I beg de faveur to be informe, if I can merite l'honneur de vous rendre le moindre service? Your servants, Madame, ave you any littel message to convey to dem? May I hope you vill permit a me de vous escorter a votre carosse?

Julia. Sir, you mistake the matter entirely—I have neither coach, servants, nor friends at present—The cruelty of one in whom I most confided, has involved me in this calamity; and I must thankfully avail myself of your obliging offers of service, by entreating the shelter of your roof, till I can dispose of myself, so as not to be an incumbrance to any one.

Larron. Eh, my dear—vat you say?—You no coche, no servantes, no friend, no house, no home, you vant to come and live a vid me?—Non, non, ma fille—dat vill not do—non, non—Dere be de vat do you call? de maison d'industrie, de vork-house for de poor girl—Personne go to my house, but such as peut faire une belle depense.

Julia. [*Aside*] Mercenary wretch! [*Going.*]

Larron. Holla! you littel girl—you tell me, can you vork? Suppose dat I vas to take pitié upon your condition, can you pay me vell derefore?

Julia. What shall I say? I must bear with his low impertinence, to induce him to give me a shelter [*To Larron.*] I can, sir, embroider neatly, and make lace.

Larron. Oh pardie, you be von littel busy bee!—You can make love, too. Can you not, my dear?

Julia. Insupportable!—If sir, you consider the favour you seemed inclined to confer, as a sanction for your impertinent freedom, I must beg you to leave me to my misfortunes.

Larron. Comme vous voulez, ma fille—dere not be many dat vill take you in—You may meet vid some, if you stay here long, dat vill make you vorse offer.

Julia. That's too true!—If I get to his house, his wife will protest me from his odious familiarity—I must try to make my peace. [*To Larron.*] Perhaps, sir, I have been too hasty. If you will conduct me to your house, I shall consider it as an obligation which I shall endeavour by my utmost industry to repay.

Larron.

Larron. Ha, hah!—You say so?—Vell den I vill tink about it. [*Aside.*] She poor, she pretty, she vorke—Mais elle est fiere come une princesse—Vell, I vill have her—She be von fille dat know de world; it save so much trouble—She be von pauvre innocente, my glory vill be de greater. [*To Julia*] You be good girl, and I vill take you—I vill inform you vat you say to my vife as ve go along.

Julia. How one rash step has involved me in a labyrinth of difficulties—I see no end to it; yet dare not tread back the way I've gone. [*To Larron.*] Very well, sir.

Larron. Vell, you hold up your head—You be not so cast down. Tenez—you carry dis bondel—you valk first—If you see un homme dat look like von officer des custome, You ran straight forward till you come to de stile, and vait dere for me.

Julia. Excuse me, sir; I cannot consent to be employed in any unfair transaction.

Larron. Vat you not smogel for me, petite ingrate?—Must I not smogel for you? Must I not run you upon my vife? Are you not von littel piece of contrabande vous meme?—You see, my dear, you have to deal vid von bel esprit—but prenez courage, I vill not be too hard vid you—A'ca——you vill do ver vell by and by. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Sir William Wingrove's House.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Mr. Wingrove. How powerful is the influence of prejudice. My reason convinces me that there is no other just criterion for deciding upon the merits of men, but such as grows out of their own personal good or ill properties. If it were true, that the qualities of the parent were transmitted to the progeny, then, indeed, it might be as necessary to establish the genealogy of a man, as to ascertain the pedigree of a horse. But the properties of the

the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary descent, and own no sort of obedience to their authority—How is it, then, that with this distinct light before me, I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices?—I feel them to be unjust; I know them to be absurd: and yet, unjust and absurd as they are, they influence my conduct in spite of me.—I love my sister—I know her affections are engaged to Young Manly—I am satisfied he is worthy of her—Yet I am adverse to the match, and conspire with my father in throwing every obstacle in the way of its completion, and in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford, a man void of feeling, sentiment, or sincerity—uniting in him every contradiction of depravity; cold, gay, ostentatious, and interested—But he is a man of birth—Despicable distinction.

Enter O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. Oh, sir, sir!—my young master—the house is in an uproar, sir, sir.

Mr. Wingrove. Well, sir, what's the matter?

O'Donnel. Oh! I don't know what's the matter, sir; my young lady's the matter, sir—We're all undone, sir—She's gone, sir—Nobody knows where, sir.

Mr. Wingrove. My sister gone! impossible—Degenerate Julia! Is it thus you reward the kind, the anxious zeal of your friends to place you in a situation worthy the exalted regard they entertained for you; to throw yourself away upon the mean pretensions of a plebeian—But where is my father?—Let me fly to him with the news of this disaster.

(Exit.

Enter Sir William, with servants.

Sir William. I'll not believe that she is gone—gone!—What—my daughter eloped at midnight! Go all of you and search again—I am certain she is hid somewhere.

O'Donnel. Suppose your honour then was to order the canal and the fish-ponds to be searched, for I am certain if she be hid, it must be at the bottom of one of them.

Sir William. Be dumb, horrible brute—Would you have me think—Did I ever give her cause—Was I not ever the fondest of parents?

O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. Sartinly, your honour meant it all for her her good. But when a young lady finds nothing to please her in this world, she is apt sometimes to take a peep into the other to try the difference.

Sir William. Begone I say—find her, or I'll discharge you all for your negligence in suffering her to escape. [*Exit O'Donnel and servants.*] The conjectures of this blundering blockhead terrify me—I hope Julia has not in a fit of rash perverseness—Yet I think her piety—

Re enter Mr. Wingrove.

Well, William, any news of your sister?

Mr. Wingrove. No, sir, no news—but of her dishonour, disgraceful girl!

Sir William. O'Donnel alarms me exceedingly—he thinks that in a phrenzy of disappointed passion she has—

Mr. Wingrove. No, my dear sir, Julia is not so weary of life—The porter tells me he found all the doors leading to the road unbarr'd this morning. Wou'd I cou'd discover whether she had a companion in her flight—If she be not recovered speedily the disgrace will be indelible—Lord Dartford will be here soon. What shall we say to him? Oh! shameless Julia.

Sir William. Forbear, my son—these violent transports distress me even more than your sister's flight—Consider that it is thro' you the pure blood of our family must descend to posterity—that thro' you the name of Wingrove must be transmitted to ages as distant and unknown as those from whence it sprung. Reflect a little, my son, bring reason to your aid, and consider how trifling and insignificant are the misfortunes of your sister, compar'd to objects so important, and so sacred as these—Be calm then, William.

Mr. Wingrove. I will endeavour it, sir.

Sir William. If you were to go to Miss Herbert's, her acquaintance is so extensive, you perhaps may obtain some information of Julia there—Go, go, my son.

Mr. Wingrove. I obey you, sir.

[*Exit.*
O'Donnel.]

Enter O'Donnel.

O'Donnel. Lord Dartford, your honour,

Sir William. He has not been inform'd of my daughter's absence?

O'Donnel. No, your honour; not a syllable has been spoken to him since he entered the house.

Sir William. Where is he now?

O'Donnel. In the saloon, sir, in earnest discourse with your honour's chaplain.

Sir William. Blockhead!—I'll go to him then. [*Exit.*]

O'Donnel. Oh! 'tis a pretty blundering piece of business fait.—Devil burn me, but if I didn't tink how it wou'd end. There's nothing so sure to make a young lady run away, as keeping her fast by the heels—O if I had a wife that I wanted to get rid of, fait, I wou'd keep her safe under lock and key. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Miss Herbert's house.*

Enter Miss Herbert, and Mrs. Rachel Cleveland.

Miss Herbert. Miss Wingrove elop'd aunt? Heaven grant it may be true! and that those to whom she has fled for refuge may be sensible of her merit—tho' I think I can guess the person.

Mrs. Rachel. I have heard it supposed that young Mr. Manly had a place in her affections—if he is the protector she has made choice of, I fear the lady's character, and the young man's life are in equal danger.

Miss Herbert. The adventure wears a much less formidable aspect to me, I confess, provided she escapes her father's pursuit—Oh how I shall enjoy the vexation of Sir William and his son, at finding all the views of their persecuting ambition, thus happily disappointed.

Mrs. Rachel. Nay, Harriot, now I think you do not speak with your usual sincerity—Mr. Wingrove I am persuaded is not indifferent to you.

Miss Herbert. Dear aunt, you are partly right, and partly wrong. Mr. Wingrove has, I acknowledge, touch'd my heart a little, but the contagion has not yet made its way to my head—for tho' the little god may have thrown

thrown away upon me, an idle arrow, or so, he has kept his bandage as an embellishment to his own person: I can see the failings of my swain as well as another.

Mrs. Rachel. You're a mad girl.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Mr. Wingrove, madam.

Miss Herbert. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit servant.*]
Now I must tease him a little—do not oppose me my dear aunt. I've a mind to lead him to believe, that his sister is under my protection—this will serve her, by stopping further pursuit for a while, and at the same time put him into a most entertaining rage with me.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

But dear madam, have you been kind enough to see that every avenue to the east wing of the house is secur'd? has good care been taken that the postern gate at the lower end of the western parterre is properly fasten'd?—Are the man traps all ready for snapping? Are the spikes new sharpen'd on the south wall?—Have orders been given that if any of the inquisitive family of the Wingrove's—Oh! Mr. Wingrove!—you come upon one so suddenly—but, I am overjoyed to see you, sir.

Mr. Wingrove. I am bound in politeness, madam, to return the compliment; yet after what I heard at my entrance, there would perhaps have been no great offence to truth, if the joy had been suppress'd on both sides.

Miss Herbert. You do well, sir, not to express more than you feel.

Mr. Wingrove. If I did, madam, it appears I shou'd not want a precedent for my justification.

Miss Herbert. But why, Mr. Wingrove, if as you are constantly telling me I use you so very, very ill, why will you throw yourself perpetually in my way?—I don't recollect that I sent for you—Did I aunt? Did any body go to desire dear Mr. Wingrove to come to us?—I forget, I vow.—And yet perhaps I might—for I know it does him a world of good, poor dear man!—He is fond of primitive times, and like all your good people of those days,

days, loves to throw himself in the way of a little wholesome persecution—But now, sir, answer me this, you unjust—you ungrateful man, you—Did I ever disappoint you whenever you came here for a little healthful mortification in a morning?—Was I ever the person to send you away without your errand?—No, sir, with all your malice, I defy you to lay that to my charge.

Mr. Wingrove. Madam, I have many obligations to be sure to the gentleness of your nature; but I entreat you not to add one more to the many kindnesses I owe to it, that of driving me to distraction—will you have the goodness to answer me, madam—Is not my sister here?

Miss Herbert. Bless me, sir, and suppose she is—But it is all of a piece—You set out with informing me you were very sorry to see me, and now you would forbid me all intercourse with the only part of your family I have any desire to be acquainted with.

Mr. Wingrove. Let me conjure you, my dear lovely tyrant not to play with my anxiety—suspend a while the triumphs of your sarcasm, you cannot misunderstand the agitations of my heart at this moment—you know the cause of them—If you have given my sister an asylum——

Miss Herbert. Then, sir, with equal solemnity, I desire you to believe, that if I have given your sister the shelter you imagine, I shall not withdraw it to gratify the prejudices of any of her relations; besides, sir, were your sister assured she should be secure from the odious danger that threatens her from a man she detests, she would I am convinced be happy to throw herself at her father's feet, and on that condition——

Mr. Wingrove. It is a condition, however, that will not be granted her, madam. What, when our honour, when the dignity of our house are committed—shall all be sacrificed to the frivolous partiality of a disobedient girl?

Miss Herbert. Give me leave, sir, to tell you, that you seem to me to mistake this honour for which you declaim so warmly; honour holds no society with injustice.

Mr. Wingrove. Injustice! madam!

C

Miss Herbert.

Miss Herbert. Yes, sir, there can be no injustice equal to that of compelling a woman to so sacred a connection as a married union against the known and settled preference of her heart. It is besides, sir, acting a very ungenerous part towards Lord Dartford himself.

Mr. Wingrove. Not at all, madam; Lord Dartford knows of her aversion, and has spirit enough to disregard it.

Miss Herbert. Does he, sir; then indeed there can be no doubt, with all due deference to his spirit, but he merits it—But in the mean time Mr. Wingrove, permit me to embrace the very earliest opportunity of expressing my gratitude for this new philosophy you have been kind enough to teach us. You are the first lover I believe that ever told his mistress to her face, that a union of the affections was a superfluous ingredient in the composition of matrimony—You made the discovery, sir.—You will leave it to me, to make the proper use of it.

Mr. Wingrove. Nay, madam, if you are determined to make no other use of what I say, but to prevent it into ridicule or injury, I know nothing that's left me, but to use the only privilege which I think you will not deny me, that of making a speedy departure. I have long despaired of exciting any sympathy in you towards myself, yet the distresses of an afflicted brother, I had fondly believed, would have inclined you to forbearance at least, if they had failed to produce any more active effect upon your humanity. [Exit.]

Miss Herbert. Haughty to the last—Well, thank heaven this interview is over. Julia, I have fought hard for you.

Mrs. Rachel. Indeed, my dear niece, you carry matters too far; you will certainly lose Mr. Wingrove some of these days, if you persevere in your present treatment of him.

Miss Herbert. No, my dear madam—certainly no—The symptoms of love vary with the difference of constitution, and in a lively nature there is no surer proof of it, than a little playful malignity—and that the man ought to have sense enough to understand; or, wanting that,

that, I am sure he has too little to entitle him to become the lord and master of a young woman of my spirit and pretensions.

Mrs. Rachel. Aye, but have a care, Harriet.

Miss Herbert. Well, madam, I'll do my best—but, indeed, if I cannot laugh and teaze him out of some of his faults, we shall make a miserable couple. I can be a willing slave to a gentle master, but I should prove a most rebellious subject to a tyrant, I am certain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Mr. Manly's.*

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. Heigho! What is't o'clock—I wonder? My head aches horridly—perpaps a little tea timely administered will set all to rights; we'll try.

Enter William.

William how came I to have no better accommodation than the sophia last night?—I suppose I was a little gone, but you might have put me to bed, firrah.

William. Sir, you know I was'nt at home, you employed me elsewhere.

Young Manly. Elsewhere? Hang me if I remember—why, how did I employ you?

William. You know, sir, when I called upon you at the Star Inn, you sent me to hire a little vessel to carry you and Miss Wingrove to France.

Young Manly. Miss Wingrove and me to France? peace you prophane rascal.

William. Dear sir, I wonder you should forget—You know you was almost beside yourself for joy yesterday, and told me that Miss had consented to be your's, and that you should marry her in France first, for fear of accidents, and then you bid me hire a good tight vessel, and to tell the master, that if he would bring to, in the west creek, and put to sea directly upon your getting on board, you wou'd give him a hundred guineas as soon as he had landed you upon the coast of France.

Mr. Manly. Eh!—how?—Miss Wingrove—Coast of France!

William. But it growing day-light, and the captain getting fulky, thinking as I had made a fool of him, I made the best of my way home to see what was the matter, and now it's all the talk this morning that Miss Wingrove is run away.

Young Manly. What's that? Julia left her father's!—And where is she? Tell me this instant.

William. Dear heart, sir! why how should I know! I thought she had been with you.

Young Manly. This is most unintelligible—William, are you sure I am awake now? Don't laugh you rascal—Speak, fool, are you certain I am awake I say—I believe I had better convince myself by beating the fellow handsomely, what say you, sir?

William. Why, sir, only—that if it be the same thing to your honour, I would as lieve you would be so good as try some other experiment.

Young Manly. Heavens, what a confusion of horrors breaks in upon my mind—My Julia fled, and I not the partner of her flight!—Oh! I dare not speak my apprehensions even to myself!—If they are true, I am undone—Wretch that I am, were that all, it would be a trifle; but, Julia, my life, my soul, my love, I have ruined thee. I feel it all come rushing o'er my mind; yet still it has the wildness of a dream—I recollect something of a fair creature weeping and entreating me to let her go—Was it possible, that in any state I could let her sue in vain.

William. I hope, Sir, you'll forgive me for being so bold, but I am afraid Miss and you have had some difference.

Young Manly. What's that to you, Sir?—Contemptible villain that I am, I blush that my own servant should guess at my conduct—Yet she has escaped Lord Dartford—How know I what she has escaped, or what endured? Those heavenly charms of her's may have exposed her to worse than robbery! Yet surely her melodious tongue would subdue a tyger!—Did it soften thee, thou more obdurate

obdurate far than any other of thy kindred savages in the forest?—And yet 'tis hard—'Twas to her own dear health I sacrificed my reason—Oh! Julia,—if I had lov'd thee less, I had not deserved to have lost thee—Perhaps William might get some intelligence—I cannot let him know how I have acted—Selfish wretch, dost thou start at shame?—May he not bring word where she has taken refuge—Possibly I can serve her—Not for myself—I renounce all hope—Yet if I can but serve her——William!

William. Sir.

Young Manly. I have behaved like a scoundrel, William—worse than a brute. I went to meet Miss Wingrove, and you find how I qualified myself to be her protector.—Where she is, I know not—Go, enquire, good William—and be speedy—Go to her father's—every where—and bring me word before I'm quite distracted—Stay, I'll go too—we'll divide, and meet at the post-house an hour hence.

William. Sir, you're so much flurried, you had better stay here till I come back.

Young Manly. Don't talk, Sir—And do you hear?—Take care you don't get drunk, sir—I know your failing, rascal; but when matters of importance are in agitation, none—no, none but a scoundrel like myself would degrade his nature by basely unfitting it for all the functions which render it either useful or respectable. [Exeunt.

END OF ACT SECOND.

A C T III.

SCENE I. Larron's House.

Enter Mrs. Larron and Julia.

Mrs. Larron.

SO, my pretty young madam, I have found you out, have I. But I guessed how it was from the first, hussy.

C 3

Julia.

Julia. Is there any thing I can say that will convince you?

Mrs. Larron. Why no to be sure there an't---Don't you think as all you says must go for nothing, after all that fine masquerading story trumped up between my husband and you? He said you was just com'd out of a nunnery. What sort of a nunnery was it, I wonder?

Julia. Good madam, let me prevail on you to listen to my unhappy story.

Mrs. Larron. Well, child, you may go on, I hears you.

Julia. Your husband found me this morning, deprived (by a most unlooked-for accident) of friends, of home, of every thing.

Mrs. Larron. You must be a good un by that---Well, let's hear---go on, child.

Julia. I made him acquainted with my distress, and he agreed to afford me shelter, till I could form some plan adapted to my melancholy situation.

Mrs. Larron. And so you'd have me believe, as you and my husband know'd nothing of one another before this morning?---Hey?

Julia. I can solemnly assure you, that this morning was the first of our acquaintance.

Mrs. Larron. Well, have a care that you doesn't equivikit now---If I finds you equivikiting, you shall dearly repent it, I promise you---And so you says as you wants work---Why, if I thought you would behave yourself as you should do, may be I'd find you a friend myself, that wou'dn't require much of you; and I suppose you don't care how little you does---But I should like to know how you lost your last friend.

Julia. Let me entreat you, Madam, to spare me upon that point.

Mrs. Larron. Aye, you none on you likes to tell---I suppose it wa'n't for no good as he turn'd you off. (*Julia turns aside and weeps*) What a poor little whimpering thing it is--I wonders where she can have been, as I have never seen her afore---if I can get her off to old 'Squire Manly, who is a little like my husband for goodness, it will be putting her out of Larron's way, and be something into my

my pocket—Well, well, adone crying, do---I suppose you're not so dilliket as to object to a middle-aged gentleman.

Julia. Has he any family, madam?

Mrs. Larron. Oh, yes--he's a son and a daughter, and a wife into the bargain---but you know that's no hobsticle to the likes of you.

Julia. Quite the contrary, madam; I am glad to hear it.

Mrs. Larron. Well, that's as much as ever I hard—But that's none of my businefs.

Julia. Is the gentleman an embroiderer madam, or what?

Mrs. Larron. Embroiderer?—No—the gentleman's a gentleman.

Julia. Then, madam, I should prefer going into a family where I might be useful, rather than to become an idle dependent on any one.

Mrs. Larron. What the deuce is in the wind now, I wonders? Well, the gentleman is an embroiderer; so let's have no more of your hums, and haws, but get up to your own room, and be sure you doesn't stir till I calls you.—(*Exit Julia.*)—If I can tell what to make of her, she's so full of her fine words and things—As I lives, there's the old 'Squire going by; I'll bring him back. Mr. Manly, Mr. Manly—It's a pity he's so old; for he has faults enough to make him agreeable to any woman.

Enter Old Mr. Manly.

So you forgets your old acquaintance, Sir; I warn't worth thinking on; you goes by the door, without ever axing how one does.

Old Manly. What, do you think I can ever forget my durable bloffom of five-and-forty.

Mrs. Larron. Forty! Lord, fir, why you reckons every body's years by your own lady's.—I shan't be the age you mention these five years.

Old Manly. You mean you hav'n't been the age I mention these five years—The register can add nothing to the evidence of your face—which proclaims fifty as strongly as if it was in black and white in the parish books.

Mrs. Larron.

Mrs. Larron. Ah! you're a merry man. No wonder madam is so jealous of you.

Old Manly. To tell you the truth, Mrs. Larron, I never thought of roving till she put it in my head, by her doubts of my constancy.

Mrs. Larron. Why, sir, contradiction's as natural to gentlemen as to ladies, for any thing as I see—Now there is up stairs—

Old Manly. What, what is there up stairs?

Mrs. Larron. As pretty a young creter as ever you set eyes on.

Old Manly. Let me go and look at her directly.

Mrs. Larron. Nay, but stay—She's as full of freaks as she can hold. I hardly knows how to deal with her—She says she wants to work at embroidering—But that's all a pertence—Howsoever, I must tell her at first you wants to employ her that way.—I'll bring her down in a minute. *(Exit.)*

Old Manly. Hang her—I wish she had not called me in. I begin to be too old for these follies, I have half a mind to be off—But when a man has continued in a bad practice for a length of time, it almost costs him as much shame to make good a reformation, as it did at first to venture on the transgression—But I hear a lighter foot on the stair-case than Dame Larron's; and so for the present good-bye, morality—We'll call upon you another time.

Enter Miss Julia Wingrove and Mrs. Larron.

Old Manly. By all that's lovely, an angel! *(Starts.)* Miss Wingrove!

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Old Manly. Madam, you must think it very odd—very strange, I say, and very odd—to see me here upon such an occasion—Appearances, I confess, make against me.—Yet upon a proper explanation, madam, I don't fear being able to set all to rights.

Julia. Sir, to see you here, was what indeed I did not expect—By some means, I find, the place of my concealment is discovered—But, Sir, though I cannot deem it otherwise

otherwise than amiable in you, to attempt some apology for the conduct of your son, yet I must tell you, in the anguish of my heart, that I would sooner become the wife of the man I once most abhorred, than unite myself to him, or even listen to the smallest palliation of his perfidy—And now, sir, excuse my abrupt departure. (*Exit.*)

Old Manly. Why, Mrs. Larron, are we awake here?—Is there nothing of enchantment in all this? Egad, I hope it's no trick of yours, mistress.

Mrs. Larron. Trick!—Deuce take me if I knows of any, I hav'n't been able to find what you and she meant, for my part.

Old Manly. As to what she meant, that does not appear so difficult to unravel—How she came here is what puzzles me.

Mrs. Larron. Why, my husband brought her—He found her like a stray'd sheep, and so seiz'd her for his own.

Old Manly. Your husband must be a courageous sort of a man, I think, to steal a young lady of her pretensions—And you're a pretty gentlewoman, to come and draw a man in to make a fool of himself—Here did I expect to find a pretty little good-humoured, good-natured, insignificant sort of a good-for-nothing play-thing; when, instead of that, I am expos'd to encounter the reproachful glances of Miss Julia Wingrove.

Mrs. Larron. Miss Wingrove! My stars! Why is she the runaway lady that all the country is up in arms about? [*Aside.*] I am glad to hear this—Well, sir, I'm a little in a hurry, and so I knows you'll excuse me.

Old Manly. Oh, with all my soul—I can find excuses enough for going away. The only difficulty is, how to discover an apology for coming in. (*Exit.*)

Mrs. Larron. Well, sure some luck'll come of this at last. Who'd have thought she'd have been such a proud man's daughter, so as she be-humbled herself to me—I hope she ha'n't giv'n me the slip, though.—If she's fairly out of the house, I dares not follow her. But I warrant she's gone back to the room—She's too genteel to have sense enough to take care of herself. (*Exit.*)

S C E N E

SCENE II. Manly's House.

Enter Mrs. and Miss Manly.

Mrs. Manly. Surely, Emma, it was very indiscreet to give Mr. Welford permission to wait on you, at a time when your brother and he are at variance.

Miss Manly. Well, madam, let him be refused admittance. I find every caprice of Henry's is to be complied with, however it may interfere with any prospects of mine. But I dare say he will have the goodness to repay your tenderness with his usual gratitude; for, if I mistake not, there is some new adventure in agitation.

Mrs. Manly. Don't speak with so much asperity of your brother, Emma; if I seem to feel a particular interest about him, it is not that I entertain a greater affection for Henry than I do for you. But where a young man's imprudencies are constantly exposing him to danger, there the anxiety of common humanity is added to the apprehension of motherly affection; so that it is only the same regard more powerfully awakened, and pity taking part with duty.—But what makes you imagine that he is at present engaged in some new adventure?

Miss Manly. Indeed, my dear madam, I am sorry I spoke so harshly; but my reason for apprehending that he has some wild scheme on foot, is, that yesterday evening his servant told my maid, that his master would soon be a happy man. William staid out all night; and this morning they went abroad with a sort of mystery together, when William told my woman, that his young master had, according to custom, been cutting out vexation for himself.

Mrs. Manly. Never, sure, had any woman so much to disturb her peace as I have! What, with Harry's imprudence, and Mr. Manly's neglect of me, it is a miracle how I support it.

Miss Manly. Dear Madam, your own apprehensions create all your affliction in that quarter. Indeed, I have heard my father say as much.

Mrs. Manly. What, could not he be satisfied with disregarding

garding me himself, but he must endeavour to prejudice your mind against me?

Miss Manly. Oh, you mistake my father's meaning entirely, madam. He was only lamenting your want of confidence in him, and saying, that had he never been causelessly suspected, he should never have given you cause of suspicion.

Mrs. Manly. So then, he owns he has wronged me? He confesses his infidelity, and makes no scruple of avowing it to you, too. This is beyond even what I ever supposed. I did, indeed, think there was a little inconstancy in his nature. I confess I had some slight suspicions of that sort. Now I find I am justified in all my conjectures. Oh, Mr. Manly, you have much to answer for on my account.

Miss Manly. I hope not, my dear mother—I am sure he always speaks of you with great tenderness.

Mrs. Manly. Does he, my dear Emma? Well, and what does he say?

Miss Manly. I have heard him say, madam, that could you but confide in him, you would be one of the happiest couples in the world.

Mrs. Manly. And did he, indeed, my dear girl, say this? Don't you flatter me, now, my child?

Miss Manly. Be assur'd, madam, that he said every syllable I have related to you.

Mrs. Manly. How could I ever make him uneasy—

Enter old Manly.

Old Manly. Mrs. Manly, my dear—Emma, my child, have you heard—

Miss Emma. Oh yes, sir, that Miss Wingrove has left her father's, and my mother is alarm'd, lest my brother.—

Old Manly. No, no, my dear, I can ease you of your apprehensions respecting Henry: Miss Wingrove is not with him, I can assure you.

Mrs. Manly. How do you know that, my dear Mr. Manly?

Old Manly. Why I saw her about an hour ago.

Mrs. Manly.

Mrs. Manly. You saw Miss Wingrove! You surprise me! Where?

Old Manly. At Mr. Larron's.

Mrs. Manly. And pray, Mr. Manly, what business carried you there?

Old Manly. No, 'twas not at Mr. Larron's neither——yes, now I recollect it was there too.

Mrs. Manly. 'Tis very strange Mr. Manly, that you should be at such a loss to know where it was you saw her.

Old Manly. Why, I remember now very well it was at Mrs Larron's, I happen'd to be there and she came in.——Piha!——how I blunder—I mean she went in there and——

Mrs. Manly. You followed her—yes, I begin to guess how it was.

Old Manly. This is ever the way! Perpetually cross examin'd, and contradicted.

Mrs. Manly. It is you that contradict yourself, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Why, will you give me leave to tell my own story my own way.

Mrs. Manly. Another time, sir, it will be better policy to determine what way you choose to tell your stories before you begin to relate them: you will be less perplexed—less puzzled with the variety of your inventions—But pray let us hear the sequel.

Old Manly. Nay, you may guess the remainder, if you will not listen to the beginning of my story, I'll be curs'd if you shall hear the conclusion of it. [Exit.

Mrs. Manly. Oh! Emma, child, what a life is mine, just to be relieved from one apprehension by being plung'd into another——Who could have believ'd your father would so forget himself as to seduce——

Miss Manly. Dear Madam; 'tis impossible your fears should be true——If you'll give me leave I'll follow my father—I dare say he will acquaint me with the whole affair.

Mrs. Manly. Go, my dear Emma, go.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III. *An Inn.**Enter Young Manly.*

Young Manly. No tidings to be gain'd of my Julia; Where can she be? Wand'ring perhaps—perhaps—oh! I dare not trust myself with the suggestions of my own thoughts! How shall I avoid them—oh! Manly! thou wert to have met a trembling angel kindly ready to have thrown herself into thy arms for ever—and——

Enter William.

Will, what news? does she live? where is she? is she married?

William. Sir, I hope at last to bring some comfort.

Young Manly. Honest William! well, your news, my good friend.

William. About half an hour ago I began to be quite out of hope, but thinks I, I'll not return to master till I've got some account to carry him, come on't what will.

Young Manly. That's a good fellow; well.

William. And so I went from barbers to barbers, and from bakers to bakers, and from inn to inn, and from alehouse to alehouse.

Young Manly. Are you sure you hav'nt been drinking, Will? If you have you know its what I've sworn never to forgive.

William. Lord, sir, drinking?—No, sir, no more than in a reasonable way—not to disguise myself, an like your honour.

Young Manly. Tell me of my Julia, you blockhead.

William. Why your honour's so touchy you see; if you'd ha' been pleas'd to have heard me.

Young Manly. Well, well, that's a good Will—go on—go on.

William. Well, pray sir, be pacified—Well, and so, sir, as I was sitting at the Fox and Gridiron in West-lane, who should come in promis-cu-ously, but Larron the smuggler, as conceited as you please—so I never much cared for having any talk with the fellow being as he's a foreigner and a great rogue. However, thinks I, all your

French folk have woundy long tongues, and if he knows any thing, fifty to one but he pops it out.

Young Manly. Psha! Curse your tedious introductions.

William. So says I—Mr. Larron, have you heard what a stir there is in our village—such a to do.——

Young Manly. Pish—go on—I say—go on.

William. There—there's a young lady lost says I—*"Wee"* says he, and there be one young ladie found too.

Young Manly. What's that! go on good William.

William. What says I, have you had the luck to find her then, says I. *"Wee"* says he again, spluttering out a French oath, and she have the luck to find me as well—oh oh says I, you'd make me believe that she run away for your sake, would you? Make a believe, says he, she not be the first young ladi, that run away for my sake—Young ladies have droll fancies then says I.—But mayhap she may'nt be the same that all the rout is about—she that I mean is a raw-boned gawky girl, pretty round shoulder'd (just to sift him you see, fir.)—Round shoulder, says he, round shoulder. More blue—She one model—she von Venus—so then I knew we were right, for I've heard your honour say Miss was as like Venus as two pease.

Young Manly. Will, you have conducted the whole affair like a complete orator, and profound politician.

William. Very like, fir, but had'nt we better go after Miss for fear of her father's getting her back again.

Young Manly. Certainly—yet now that my fears for her safety are somewhat abated, the recollection of my offence places itself between us as an insurmountable obstacle to our ever meeting again.

William. Lord fir, why to my thinking you had better go and ask her pardon, and then there'll be an end on't.

Young Manly. Never—I can never think of asking her to pardon me.

William. Why, dear fir, how hard hearted you are.

Young Manly. [*Speaking to himself without regarding the presence of his servant.*] I have given her such cause of resentment, that it wou'd be an affront to her justice, as well as her delicacy, even to supplicate forgiveness.

William.

William. Aye, aye, see what good'll come of these megrims.

Young Manly. Any common penitent may look with a rational confidence for pardon, but he who has sinned against the sanctity of beauty, and the religion of a sworn and plighted affection, cannot, ought not, to expect forgiveness.—

William. Nay sure, sir, do listen to a—

Young Manly. But come—Tho' I must now for ever forego the dear hope of calling Julia mine, yet if she will but suffer me to possess the soothing reflection of having rescued her from the persecutions of her family, I will bear my loss without a murmur, and resign my future days to patient suffering, and unavailing regret—Follow me, firrah! [Exit.]

William. Certainly, sir—how difficult it is to make two people think alike in this world—I cannot bring myself to be of my master's mind for the soul of me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Wood.*

Enter Mr. Welford.

Welford. What an unlucky fellow thou art, Welford—Here have I by my Emma's order, been wandering this hour in pursuit of Manly—One wou'd think that he knew my intentions, and had hid himself to avoid me—Ha! who can this be, who's looks betray so much agitation and distress? The grief must be of magnitude indeed that thus presents itself to the licentious comment of every unfeeling passenger—What can be the cause that has reduced loveliness like this [retires] to so cruel an affliction.

Enter Julia.

Julia. Whither shall I fly?—What refuge is there left me—injur'd—insulted—pursued—persecuted every way—what more cou'd vice itself endure? And what indeed have I not sustained of its torments, saving only the pang of consciousness. Yet that's something—Whither shall I now direct my trembling feet? Where, where hope to meet a friend?

D 2

Welford.

Welford. That friend is made, madam, if he's happy enough to be accepted—Pardon me for thus intruding on your griefs, and only rejoice me by saying in what way I can be accessary to your service.

Julia. May I believe you, sir—I have of late been so much the sport of cruelty, that I dare hardly think any one sincere that approaches me with the voice of kindness—Yet your countenance indicates compassion.

Welford. It would be false to my nature, madam, if it indicated any thing less on the present occasion. But, madam, you talked of being pursued—if so—permit me for the present to conduct you to my house—I have some female relations there, with whom a temporary residence can reflect no disgrace to your reputation—May I, madam, be favour'd by your compliance.

Julia. My tears must thank you, sir—I have no words to do it.

Welford. This way if you please, madam. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. Larron's House.

Enter Mr. Larron, and Young Manly.

Larron. Sir, vat you vant? Pardievat you make noise in my house—de house in England you call de chateau, de castel—vat you mean, you besiege my castel, sir?—Vat you vant, hey.

Young Manly. Want!—must I repeat it to you a hundred times, you blockhead? I want Miss Wingrove—where is she? Miss Wingrove, sir; Miss Wingrove, is the fellow dumb? Produce Miss Wingrove—Produce the young lady you brought home this morning—let me see her instantly.

Larron. De young ladi, qui m'accompagnoit ce matin, vat right have you to make question of me, sir? I know noting of de young ladi—I no lock de ladi up, monsieur—You say she Miss Wingrove. If Miss Wingrove shose rader to come to my house den go to her fader's ce n'est pas ma faute; if she take into her head to go away again, ce n'est pas, ma faute neider.

Young Manly.

Young Manly. I would advise you, sir, not to be altogether so indifferent upon this occasion. You may not perhaps be aware that I possess a most excellent remedy for a certain complaint called in your country, *sang froid*—and if your symptoms should continue so very alarming, I fancy I shall feel myself under the necessity of applying it. [*Shewing his cane.*]

Larron. Monsieur! you not take a me right—my deficiency of de langue Angloise mult s'il vous plait be mon excuse—Veritablement, I know not vere de young ladi be, more den yourself, sir. Vous plait il you please to make demande of my wife.

Enter Mrs. Larron.

Monsieur elle aura peutetre, so much complaisance for you to inform of de cause of de ladi's departure, but pour moi, she vil not have de condescension de m'instruire pas u'n seul syllable.

Young Manly. Well, Mrs. Larron, you hear I am referred to you, will you favour me with some account of Miss Wingrove?

Mrs. Larron. Dear heart a day—Here's a racket and a fuss indeed! I wishes she'd been fir enough before she set her foot within my doors, I knows.

Young Manly. Nay, but Mrs. Larron, I must know immediately where she is.

Mrs. Larron. Must you, sir?—Why the, you must know more than I can tell you—Your father came to visit her.

Young Manly. My father!

Mrs. Larron. Yes, sir—and so she went away—that's all I knows.

Young Manly. Did she go with him?

Mrs. Larron. Why yes, sir—I suppose so—Lord you axes one so many questions.

Young Manly. My dear Mrs. Larron, why wou'dn't you make me happy sooner, by saying so at once.

Mrs. Larron. Lord one should have a fine life on't indeed, if one was to do nothing but make every body happy.

Young Manly. Your œconomy in that respect, madam,

is at least good natured to your visitors, and as I have no inclination to disturb so laudable a cruelty, I will wish you a good morning. [Exit.

Mrs. Larron. And a good riddance of you then, if you goes to that. This comes along with you Larron, I'm sure I may say its a judgment upon you for thinking to serve me so.

Larron. It be von judgment done upon ma follie to keep in de house von termagante like yourself—De young ladi like ver well to come to my house—She beg, she pray to come—I bring her to you—I leave her vid you—Vat she do then? Ma foi, she run away directement.

Mrs. Larron. Was it so indeed? And so I was in madam's way, was I? Oh this is pretty usage indeed! to me who have been the making of you.

Larron. You not hold your tongue, begar I turn you out of doors, tout de suite.

Mrs. Larron. You turn me out of doors, Larron? I dares you to do it—You knows as I knows enough to hang you if I pleases—You forgets who broke open—

Larron. Vat you keep quarrel, quarrel for? You know I not like de quarrel—You and I be good friend—A ca—Give me your hand—pardie—I vill set all right—I vill make you my wife.

Mrs. Larron. Will you? But I am grown a little too wise for that now; I fees you aim well enough, you only wants to get clear of my evidence, and to have the law of your side, for using me ill—No, no Lewis, I am not such a fool as you thinks me.

Larron. Vill any ting please you? You juste now complain—

Mrs. Larron. Aye, but now d'ye see, I will keep my freedom as security for your good behaviour—You are in my power now, and so I will keep you—I knows you have no love for me, but I will make you fear me.

Larron. Eh bien, my dear, we understand von aneder now—you now be ma maistresse en toute choses et pour toujours.

Mrs. Larron. What's that you are jabbering?

Larron.

Larion. I say, my dear, dat you are so convince me of your great discretion dat you now be my mistress in all things and for ever.

Mrs. Larion. Oh! why that's very well—come into dinner then like a good creter as you are, and never, my dear Lewis, never, never forget, that it is in my power to hang you. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF ACT THIRD.

A C T IV.

SCENE I. Miss Herbert's House.

Enter Miss Herbert and Lord Dartford.

Miss Herbert.

I AM happy to see your lordship—I hope you bring good tidings of Miss Wingrove.

Lord Dartford. Indeed, my dear madam, you flatter yourself and me. I was sent here, in pursuit of good tidings, or of any tidings—for after the most prodigal expence of bodily fatigue, we are just as much in the dark as ever.

Miss Herbert. What, no intelligence?

Lord Dartford. None—none—I have just left her fantastic father, and her imperious brother, almost as anxiously on the hunt for this modern relation, as if they were persecuting an old parchment, to bring forth a lurking morsel of ancient kindred in the reign of king Lud, or queen Boadicea. It is very unaccountable.

Miss Herbert. Unaccountable indeed!

Lord Dartford. I mean every way unaccountable—the motives that could have led to her escape, as well, as the success with which she has accomplished it. Women are not apt to misunderstand their happiness in these matters—I cannot lay that to their charge, positively.

Miss Herbert. (*Aside.*) Coxcomb!—a thought occurs to me, by which, if I succeed, I shall be better enabled to

to reconcile matters with my haughty lover, and rescue Julia from her embarrassments should she be discovered—I'll make him believe I have a fancy for him myself. [*To Lord Dartford.*] Indeed, my lord, as your lordship very justly observes, women are but seldom guilty of such extravagant inattention to their own interests—giddy girl—what could she have aspired to?—such rank—such accomplishments.

Lord Dartford. Yes—and such a rooted—such a disinterested, such an inviolable attachment.

Miss Herbert. To be sure, my lord. Obdurate Julia! Where were your eyes? Where was your sensibility? Where had you mislaid your understanding?

Lord Dartford. Very true! Where indeed! I that lived but for her.

Miss Herbert. That an affection so ardent—a constancy so noble, should receive so ill a return—unkind Miss Wingrove. [*Sighs heavily.*]

Lord Dartford. Eh! What's this?—I begin to perceive something here, and the best on it is, she has a better fortune than the other—I wish I had not talked so much of my constancy. I must wheel about though [*To Miss Herbert*] And yet, Miss Herbert, I cannot help thinking that, latterly, Miss Wingrove hardly appeared to me to preserve that——

Miss Herbert. No, indeed, my Lord—I have partly thought so too.

Lord Dartford. That kind of suavity, as it were—that inexpressible something.

Miss Herbert. That plaintive delicacy—that deprecating eye—those imploring smiles—that persuasion which carried with it the authority of conquest, and that gentle command which turned enforced captivity, into voluntary submission. [*Aside.*] Dear girl, I cannot help doing her justice in the very heat of this feigned hostility.

Lord Dartford. And then her spirits—have some how or other——

Miss Herbert. Yes, her spirits too, have lost that elegant dejection, that pensive apathy—that graceful mope—if one may so express it, that used to shed the soft benignant

nigant influence of an autumn evening over every thing around her. How blind have I been! now that your lordship suggests it, I see it all. [*Aside*] I am obliged to help him out in his very abuse, for he knows too little of love's rhetoric, even to hate with eloquence.

Lord Dartford. Now there is a person, in whose radiant eyes, and sparkling decorums, the majesty of imperial Cupid sits in state, and dispenses innocuous glories with the careless profusion of a city feast, or the dazzling splendor of a courtly gala.—There is a person——

Miss Herbert. Your lordship means Miss Manly?—Yes, indeed, she is a fine young woman enough——

Lord Dartford. Miss Manly! Miss Manly, madam, is as a scintillating link to the gorgeous orb of day, compared to the ineffable divinity of my prostrate adoration.

Miss Herbert. Whom can your lordship mean?

Lord Dartford. Mean! whom should I mean—whom must I mean, whom can I mean, but the celestial Phoenix of her sex, the divine Miss Herbert!

Miss Herbert. Me, my Lord!—Good heaven—I am so confused all on a sudden—Did your lordship say me?

Lord Dartford. Yes, yes, your adorable, everlasting self.

Miss Herbert. If your lordship really entertains—If your lordship has indeed, done me the honour to have conceived a passion——

Lord Dartford. A passion!—a flame—a conflagration—a volcano!

Miss Herbert. Nay now, my Lord, I can no longer doubt the plain sincerity of your professions—but as it is a fixed rule with me, rather to follow than lead, in events of this awful importance, I should wish to avoid any further communication with a person of your lordship's dangerous eloquence, till the proper sanction of my relations has been previously obtained; my aunt would be too happy to receive any proposals of your lordship's; till then permit me to take my leave. Successful even beyond my hopes. (*Aside.*)

[*Exit.*]

Lord Dartford. Hah, hah. Now this I call being in luck—just as one had lost scent in one quarter, to have a nobler

nobler game started in another.---Now gaad take me, 'tis very odd, but what a blunderbuss I am at a speech---I mean in the love way---for on other subjects I can deliver myself with a becoming intelligibility enough; but we higher order of beings that have sense enough, never to be more than merely artificial lovers, as we never understand the real orthodox gibberish of the passion, so when we once get to talk upon it, we never know when to stop---Now that scintillating link---gorgeous orb---conflagration, and volcano, were not all to my liking, but what could I do? I must say something---but above all, what had I to do with an allusion to a city feast? What has a city feast to do among the delicacies of a lover's commons? Well, I must read for it---at least till I am married, and then indeed, it will be full time to discard both the passion and the language of it in amicable indifference together. Well, I will lose no time in preparing my proposals. (*Exit.*)

SCENE II. Mr. Manly's.

Enter Miss Manly.

Miss Manly. Could I have suspected Welford of infidelity! Happy, happy Miss Wingrove. So vanish all my hopes!

Enter Young Manly.

Young Manly. Emma, what means this agitation? Whence these tears? Is my mother well? Where is my father; speak dear Emma.

Enter Mrs. Manly.

Mrs. Manly. Oh Harry! what uneasiness has your absence occasioned---why will you pay so little attention to your family?

Young Manly. Dear madam, I deserve more reprehension than I ever meet with, yet let me entreat your present forbearance. My heart since last I saw you has been torn by such a variety of anguish, that I have not been master of my conduct---But why is Emma thus uneasy?

Young Manly.

Mrs. Manly. Dear girl, I believe her uneasiness results from mine—could you have thought it Harry? I scarce know how to tell you, but your father has seduced Miss Wingrove from her friends, where he has placed her I know not—but——

Young Manly. Thank heaven, then, I have been truly informed, and she is with my father.

Mrs. Manly. Thank heaven, Henry! Do you thank heaven that your father wrongs me? Your behaviour shocks me Harry—It is even worse than his.

Young Manly. Dear mother, don't indulge such suspicions, my father steal Miss Wingrove from her friends—No, no, indeed he did not: that she is with him truly rejoices me.

Enter Old Manly.

Young Manly. Dear sir, where is Miss Wingrove? Where is my lovely Julia. Will she permit me to behold her face again? Yet how dare I hope it.

Old Manly. Ought I to permit you to behold my face again, sir; how dare you hope that? Instead of asking impertinent questions about what does not concern you, have the goodness to account for your own conduct, sir,—you leave your family—fill them with apprehensions for your safety, and at your return, instead of meeting us with proper submission, you begin by hectoring your poor innocent father, and bullying him with a long string of saucy enquiries—"Where is Miss Wingrove?—Where is my Julia?" [*Mimicking him*] What have you to do with Miss Wingrove? Who made her your Julia?

Mrs. Manly. Who indeed? She is differently disposed of.

Young Manly. Dear sir, how could I possibly imagine that what I said would give the slightest ground of offence? the Larrons assured me she went with you.

Mrs. Manly. There, Mr. Manly, there! I am jealous now without a cause! I have no foundation for my suspicions.

Miss Manly. Dear madam, dear sir! hear me one moment, I can too certainly assure you where Miss Wingrove is.

Mrs. Manly.

Mrs. Manly. Where Emma, where?
Young Manly. Dear, dear Emma, tell
 me instantly.
Old Manly. Aye, let us hear child—
 let us hear it.

} *all at once.*

Miss Manly. The report we heard, madam, was too well founded; Miss Wingrove is indeed with Mr. Welford.

Young Manly. With Welford!

Mrs. Manly. Ridiculous child, mere jealous apprehension.

Young Manly. Madam!

Mrs. Manly. Ask your father whose suspicions are the wildest, hers or mine—he can set you right at once if he chooses it—but I'll stay no longer to endure such treatment.

Old Manly. Don't, my dear, don't.

Mrs. Manly. Your indifference, Mr. Manly, is even more injurious than your infidelity. [Exit.]

Old Manly. Before I go to appease your mother, who is as absurd as you are profligate, let me caution you, young man, how you practise such another frolic in a hurry—the wicked story that you have so ingeniously trumped up about my being at such a place as Larron's—this excellent joke, I say, sir, which owes all its genius, to its being a falsehood, and its wit to the certain mischief it was sure to produce in your family, won't be passed over unpunished, I assure you—have you no duty?—no regard for truth?—But it was ever thus with you, you prodigal—The best example I have ever been able to set you, either for truth or modesty, never produced the slightest effect upon your vile, impenetrable nature, and the mildest language, you rascal, was always thrown away upon you. [Retires.]

Young Manly. Dear Emma, unravel if you can, this knot of perplexities; my father answers me with anger, my mother with tears, and you, my dear sister, start an idea, which is one of the last that would have entered my imagination; yet, being once presented, love will not suffer it to repose in idleness—Tell me, my Emma—Can Julia be with Welford? Can she—can he!—can both be so inconstant?

Miss Manly.

Miss Manly. Oh Harry, why did I mention it.—This may be the source of fresh affliction—Think if it is so—that I endure enough, and do not encrease my misery. You know my fears.

Young Manly. Lay them aside, dear Emma! be assured I shall act with moderation—I know I shall—Oh Julia! But you must tell me all you know, respecting her, and the villain—I will not name him that has stole her from me. Come to my study, Emma; nay, dry your eyes—you shall see what an example of patience I will exhibit—I shall quarrel with no one but myself, for in myself alone is the foundation of all the miseries I am exposed to.

[*Exeunt Young Manly and Emma.*]

Enter Servant to Old Manly.

Servant. Miss Herbert, sir, desires to know if she can have the pleasure of half a minute's conversation with you.

Old Manly. Shew her in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Enter Miss Herbert.

Old Manly. This is indeed a kindness, my dear Miss Herbert; your visits are valuable in proportion to their rarity, like winter suns—or—or—no—like—

Miss Herbert. Never mind, my dear Mr. Manly, what they are like, we will settle the impromptu upon more mature deliberation another time.

Old Manly. Egad, and so we will, for nothing requires so much time as an off-hand speech.

Miss Herbert. Now, sir, to the object of my visit—Report says, that you have seen Miss Wingrove, and I am anxious to hear how the charming creature endures her misfortunes.

Old Manly. Very true, madam; but where should I see Miss Wingrove?

Miss Herbert. Why, report does say, sir, that you met her at a place where it would have been equally for her happiness, and your reputation, that you had never met at all—at Mrs. Larron's.

Old Manly. Its a falsehood—a confounded falsehood—I go to Mrs. Larron's! but dear Miss Herbert, how can a

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young lady of your candour and good sense give credit to such a thing, particularly when you had such good reason for disbelieving it, as its being the general report.

Miss Herbert. Why, indeed Mr. Manly, as you say, what should you do at such places? You know you are subsiding into the calm evening of life, when the tempestuous passions gently sink into a soft undisturbed repose—I dare say now you feel this sweet chearful twilight of your days to be attended with more substantial comfort, and much more real happiness, than the gaudier scenes of your meridian life, when every thing was brilliant, and nothing solid; every thing gay, but nothing rational.

Old Manly. Twilight! Gadso!—None of your twilights neither Miss—This is the way—there is no such thing as purchasing impunity in this world, for one offence, but by pleading guilty to a worse—Well, Miss; and suppose I was at Miltrefs Larron's?

Miss Herbert. [*Aside.*] O ho! I thought I should bring him to confession; he will acknowledge any vice but age—So, sir, you were there, then, after all.

Old Manly. Gads life, ma'am, don't ask so many questions; I understand you well enough, Miss—You would insinuate that I am a helpless old fellow—that you can see no great use in my living, and that the sooner I am hang'd out of the way, the better, but give me leave to tell you, madam——

Enter Admiral Cleveland.

Admiral. Hey day! What storms a brewing now? Why neighbour Manly this is a rough gale upon so fair a coast—what quarrelling with my niece?

Miss Herbert. Dear uncle I'm quite rejoiced to see you, you never came so seasonably to the rescue of a poor little disabled frigate in your life—Mr. Manly here——

Old Manly. Your niece is an impertinent, forward, malicious young woman, Mr. Cleveland, and I desire never to see her face again—I'll never, never forgive her—No, if I were to live till I was sixty.

Miss Herbert. What a formidable resentment! Why the period of it has expired these five years.

Admiral.

Admiral. [*Aside.*] Leave him to me, I'll teaze the old fellow—I came on purpose.

Miss Herbert. I will.

Admiral. But how did the brush happen? What is the cause of it?

Miss Herbert. Why, sir, I spoke, I am afraid, somewhat too justly of your friend's age, and appeared to entertain too favourable an opinion of his morality—offences which a lively, determined rover, in his climacteric, can never reconcile to his forgiveness.

Admiral. Oh, is that all?

Miss Herbert. So good, Mr. gallant, gay Lothario of sixty-five, a good morning to you. (*Exit Miss Herbert.*)

Old Manly. A saucy minx.

Admiral. Come, Manly, you have too many of the substantial afflictions of life to contend with at present to be ruffled by little breezes of this sort—But I am your friend, and I thought it my duty, as such to call upon you, and to do what a friend ought, to comfort you.

Old Manly. Why that was very kind my old neighbour, very kind indeed—be seated, I beseech you—Yes, indeed, 'tis very true, as you say, Admiral, I am a wretched, miserable, unhappy man, oppress'd with sorrows, laden with affliction—overtaken before my time, by many cares. Yet 'tis something, my worthy neighbour, to have a trusty friend, to take a kind interest in one's misfortunes—to share, as it were, the sad load of life—to ride and tye with one in the weary pilgrimage—O 'tis a charming thing to have a friend!

Admiral. I think so, indeed, and hope to prove as much—I have no other object but to comfort you—None, none.—You are indeed very unhappy.

Old Manly. Very, very!

Admiral. Why, there's your wife, now.

Old Manly. Aye—my wife—Oh! Oh! [*A long sigh.*]

Admiral. Nay be comforted, my friend—be comforted—Why she is of herself a sufficient load of misery for any one poor pair of mortal shoulders. Always fretful, her suspicions never asleep—and her tongue always awake—constantly making her observations, like a vessel sent

out upon discovery—ever on the watch, like an armed cutter, to cut off any little contraband toy, and to intercept any harmless piece of smuggled amusement.

Old Manly. Oh! 'tis dreadful, neighbour, quite dreadful, indeed.

Admiral. Take comfort, my friend—What did I come here for? take comfort, I say—There is your son too.

Old Manly. Yes, my son too, an abandon'd profligate.

Admiral. Nay, if that were all, there might be hopes—the early little irregularities that grow out of the honest passions of our nature, are sometimes an advantage to the ripened man; they carry their own remedy along with them, and when remedied, they generally leave the person wiser and better than they found him—wiser for his experience, and better for the indulgence which they give him towards the infirmities of others—but a canting, whinning, preaching profligate—a sermon-maker, at twenty—a fellow that becomes a saint, before he's a man,—a beardless hypocrite—a scoundrel that cannot be content with common homely sinning, but must give it a relish by joining a prayer with it in his mouth—of such a fellow there can be no hopes—no hopes indeed.

Old Manly. None, none. Oh miserable that I am, where will my affliction end? Where shall I find consolation?

Admiral. Consolation!—In me to be sure!—What else was the purpose of my visit? I forbear to say any thing of your daughter, poor unhappy girl.

Old Manly. Conceal nothing from me. What has happened to my poor child—what has happened to her? She was my favourite. Miserable man! O miserable man!

Admiral. Nay, if it will give you any comfort, I will tell you. It is my duty to do so—why, she, you know, was desperately in love with Charles Welford. He has turned her off, I find—discharged her the service, and has fallen in with somebody else; so that I suppose by to-morrow morning we may look for her birth, poor girl, in the ambush of a willow, or the retirement of a fish-pond.

Old Manly. Now the sum of my calamities is complete, (*Weeps.*) Now, indeed, the cup is full—poor undone man—miserable husband—wretched father! *Admiral.*

Admiral. Aye, and all to come upon you at your time of life too—Had your misfortunes reached you when you were in the vigour of your days—[*Old Manly dries his eyes, and looks resentfully*] when you retained enough of bodily strength and force of mind to cope with them—but—at your time of day, when the timbers are approaching fast towards decay, when the lights of the understanding are upon the glimmer, and the reckoning of life is pretty nearly out—Oh! 'tis too horrible. Faith, after all, I don't know how to comfort you.

Old Manly. [*In a rage.*] [*Both rising.*] I believe not, indeed; you fusty, musty, old, foul-mouthed, weather-beaten coxcomb—timbers approaching fast to decay. whose timbers do you mean, old jury-mast? Look at your own crazy hulk—do—and don't keep quoting your damn'd log-book criticisms upon your juniors and your betters.

Admiral. Nay, my good friend.

Old Manly. Damn your friendship, and your goodness too. I don't like friendship that only wants me to hate myself—and goodness that only goes to prove every thing bad about me—So, good Mr. Yellow Admiral, sheer off—do—and till you can stuff your old vessel with a cargo of more commoditable merchandize, don't let me see you in my latitude again.

Admiral. Sir, let me tell you, you may repent of this language; and were it not for pity of your age and your misfortunes—

Old Manly. O curse your pity; and as for misfortunes, I know of none equal to your consolation.

Admiral. You shall hear more of this, Mr. Manly.

Old Manly. Not for the present, if you please—if you want my life, take it—take any thing—only take yourself off.

Admiral. Very well, sir. You shall hear from me at a proper time. (*Aside*) I have made the old fool nobly miserable; that's some comfort, however.

Old Manly. (*solus.*) What an ass was I, to listen so long to the hollow croakings of this melancholy sea-monster—a rusty old weather cock; always pointing one way,

and that to the quarter of misfortune—I miserable!—What shou'd make me so?—Is not my wife kind and faithful, and only a little troublesome now and then for my good—Is not my son generous and gay—and—like his father as a son shou'd be—and a'n't I stout in body, and sound in mind, and is not every thing as I would have it?—a dismal old—now has he given me a sample of the view with which advice is always bestowed, and I him a proof of the effect with which it is always taken—he came to me to increase my distresses by consolation, and I have made use of his counsel as a new argument for pleasing myself. [Exit.

SCENE III. Miss Herbert's.

Enter Miss Herbert, and Mrs. Rachel.

Miss Herbert. Well, my dear aunt, have you been more successful in your enquiries after the unfortunate Miss Wingrove than I have been?

Mrs. Rachel. I don't know how to say I have been more successful—but from your account, I have collected more particulars—I understand she was accidentally encountered by Mr. Welford, who kindly offered her the asylum of his house, which she accepted—but learning, by conversation with his relations, that her reception there had produced a quarrel between him and his mistress, the generous girl scorned to consult her own comfort at the expence of her protector, and having contrived to change her own clothes for those of a younger brother of Mr. Welford's, she accomplished her escape.

Enter Servant.

Mr. Wingrove, madam.

Miss Herbert. Admit him. O, he shall receive no mercy at my hands whilst he continues the persecutor of his sister—Will you give me leave, madam, to receive him alone?

Mrs. Rachel. Certainly, my dear.

[Exit.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Wingrove. Will Miss Herbert permit a penitent to approach her?

Miss Herbert.

Miss Herbert. Oh! by all means—a real penitent—but are you quite sure that you come under that description, or is yours like the common repentance of the world, which consists rather in a prejudice against punishment, than a sincere contrition for the offence?

Wingrove. Dear, charming Harriet, how can you question it—I am ashamed of the violence of my behaviour at our last interview; yet you must acknowledge that you drew me into that suspicion by your ambiguous deportment. Surely, my Harriet could not find entertainment in the uneasiness of the man who adores her.

Miss Herbert. (*Aside.*) Bless me, if he continues in this strain of humility, I shall never be able to punish him as he deserves—yet I must.

Wingrove. What's that, my Harriet? You cannot doubt the sincerity and devotion of my love.

Miss Herbert. Apropos—Was it you that fell in love with me, or your father?

Wingrove. My father! Harriet?

Miss Herbert. Aye, you or your father; which of you is it that I have had the good fortune to inspire with so favourable an opinion of me? I am inclined to think it is to the elder gentleman I owe the obligation.

Wingrove. Nay, now, madam, I don't understand you.

Miss Herbert. In plain English, then, had you your instructions from your father to undergo the labour of wooing, or did you come of your own accord?

Wingrove. Can my Harriet entertain so humiliating an opinion of me as to suppose I would be actuated in so dear a concern as that, by any influence but the impulse of my own affection?

Miss Herbert. Take care, Mr. Wingrove—take care—there is nothing so tempting, I admit you, as those pretty words that fall gracefully in to close the procession of an ambitious sentence, but let me ask you plainly, sir, Whether, if your father should now, even now, lay his commands upon you to relinquish the passion with which you affect to regard me, you would not instantly obey him, and leave me forsaken and forlorn, to transfer your obedient ardours to any new lady of his choice?

Wingrove.

Wingrove. 'Tis true, I feel the most sincere respect for my father; yet had he thought proper to interpose his influence in a case where nature claims a paramount authority, I had renounced a submission which I should have held to have been unjustly exacted.

Miss Herbert. Are you sure of it?

Wingrove. Quite sure.

Miss Herbert. Dear Mr. Wingrove. [*Taking his hand.*]

Wingrove. [*Kissing it.*] My lovely, my adorable Harriet!—Sure of it! am I sure of my existence? Am I sure of your being the most lovely of your own sex—or I the happiest of mine? [*Kisses her hand.*] Am I sure that we shall never exchange another harsh word, or another unkind look? Am I sure——

Miss Herbert. Nay, now, sir, you are fairly caught.

Wingrove. Hey-day! What frolic is in the wind now?

Miss Herbert. If all this be true, Mr. Wingrove, tell me, sir, what is it that constitutes the offence of your sister? Why is she driven out a disgraced wanderer to encounter all the unknown hazards of a merciless world, when one of her persecutors not only acknowledges that he shares in all her guilt—if guilt it be—but glories in the sympathy he feels in her disobedience, because he considers it as a just tribute to the object of his affections, and a proof of his independence?

Wingrove. My sister, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—

Miss Herbert. My sister, ma'am, is a woman—and—and—and—that is, my sister is an interdicted being—disinherited by nature of her common bounties—a creature, with regard to whom, engagements lose their faith, and contracts their obligations. In your fictitious characters as lovers, you endeavour to make us believe that we are exalted above human weaknesses; but, in your real characters, as men, you more honestly demonstrate to us, that you place us even below your own level, and deny us the equal truth and justice that belongs alike to all intelligent beings. This language, sir, is new, at least in the vocabulary of love, I wish I could say the sentiments it conveys were equally so in the hearts of your most imperious sex.

Wingrove.

Wingrove. Before I was interrupted, madam, by this torrent of modest rhetoric on the merits of your most unimperial sex; for so, in particular, I am bound to think them, I meant merely to have said, that I can aggrandize the woman with whom it may be my fate to be united.—Whereas, if my sister joined herself with an inferior, she would have become necessarily degraded to the rank of her husband. But I find, madam, these insults are calculated merely to gratify your pride, by proving to what extremity of meanness your power can reduce me. I blush at the servilities to which it has already exposed me, and now throw off the yoke for ever. *[Going.*

Miss Herbert. Stay, sir; before you go, let me beg you to favour this letter with a perusal. Read it at your leisure; and now—"A long farewell to all my greatness."

Wingrove. Damnation! laugh'd at too—Farewell, madam, and I swear——

Miss Herbert. Nay, sir, don't swear; or if thou wilt swear—swear by thy gracious self!

Wingrove. *[In a fury of passion.]* Madam, I go—for ever. *[Exit.*

Miss Herbert. To have convinced me of that, your congé, my rebellious captive, should have been taken with somewhat less disturbance. I am glad I had recollection enough to give him Lord Dartford's letter of proposals before he went. He was in a terrible rage, to be sure—so much the better—while a woman retains power enough over a man to make him lose his temper, he is not yet in that state of healthy indifference that entitles him to bid defiance to a relapse of affection. *(Exit.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Admiral's Garden.**Enter Julia (in boy's clothes, looking back.)*

YONDER is my brother, and his servant, as I live ;
 haps in pursuit of me ! I dare not meet them—
 Yet sure they cou'd not know me—I hardly know myself
 —Their eyes seemed directed this way—I'll shut the gate
 till they have passed. Ha ! who comes here ? perhaps
 the owner of this place. From my long residence with
 my aunt, I am almost a stranger in my native village—
 Bless me, he has a stern countenance ! I had best con-
 ceal myself till he quits the garden. *[Retires.]*

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. Why what a pack of idle fellows I keep about
 me. When I'm laid up with the gout these rascals do
 nothing—See what a fine jessamine here is almost spoilt
 for want of tying up—let's try what I can do. *[Goes to
 tie it, Julia shifts her place.]* What's that shakes the leaves
 so—Hey, is not that a man ? Oh ! oh ! there is the way
 my nectarines falls so short. *[Goes and brings Julia for-
 ward.]* Here ! here ! no resistance—Come out, and let
 us see what we can make of you. Well, young graceless,
 and what do you do here ? Come let's hear what account
 you can give of yourself.

Julia. I do assure you, sir, I came in by accident.

Admiral. By accident ? Well that's a good beginning
 enough ; what, do you shut your eyes as you go along,
 that you can't tell the highway from an enclosure ?

Julia. I mean, sir, I just stepp'd in to avoid a person
 I wish'd not to see me.

Admiral. Very like, sir ; but pray, sir, will you have
 the goodness to tell us who you may happen to be, sir ?

Julia. Pray, sir, excuse me.

Admiral. Indeed, sir, I shall do no such thing—Come,
 sir, who's your father ?

Julia. I cannot tell you, indeed, sir.

Admiral.

Admiral. Indeed, sir—Well, after all, it might puzzle a wiser head than your's to do that; but possibly you may have better luck with regard to your mother—who is she?

Julia. My mother, sir, is dead.

Admiral. Dead, is she? But had she no name when she was alive? Egad you shuffle so, that I fancy you've been longer at the trade than I at first imagined. You're a gay spark for the profession too—If Rachel had been a young woman, I should have suspected something else; but perhaps the coat may have been stolen too; these gentry now-a-days think nothing they can get too good for them, and the finger is only an accomplice to the felonious pride of the back, “win gold and wear it”—Hey, is that your maxim, my young poacher? Gadso, now I remember, I have seen Sam. Westford in those very clothes—I shall secure you, my lad; you shall answer all this.

Julia. I beseech you, sir, not to expose me.

Admiral. Not expose you—What! do you think I shall connive at felony? Here, Tom, Simon, Ralph—attempt to move, and you're a dead man. Here, will nobody help me to secure this villain?

Enter Mrs Rachel and Servants.

Admiral. Here, seize that fellow, and tie his hands behind him—Keep off, Rachel, I dare say he has got pistols in his pockets—Lead him directly to a magistrate, I'll follow.

Julia. Dear madam, I implore you to plead for me to that gentleman—your looks speak benevolence—I entreat you, madam, to have pity on me!

Admiral. There's a young artful dog now, beginning to coax and flatter Rachel about her good looks; aye, that's the way with these handfomer sprigs of the fraternity, they are sure to attack the women; but 'tis such a snivelling puppy—why hang it, my lad, you must expect these rubs in the way of your business, its only a misfortune in trade—Come man, behave yourself a little more like a rascal of spirit.

Rachel. Brother, I entreat you to send your servants in.

Admiral.

Admiral. Send 'em in, Rachel, why how's this? Do you want him to make his escape? Has he softened you with his whimpering? You know if he takes to his heels, I can't follow him.

Rachel. I have particular reasons for my request.

Admiral. Well, be it so then—wait in the house till I call you. [*Exit servants.*] Don't you think to get off tho'—if you attempt to stir.—

Julia. You may rely upon it, sir, I will not move. Oh, madam, may I hope that you will befriend me in this dreadful exigency!

Admiral. No, no, my lad, You are dipping into the wrong pocket there; Rachel is not like most of her sex, to be won over by wheedling, you do but fling away your skill. But why was I to dismiss those fellows, Rachel?

Rachel. Brother, if what I've already said has surpriz'd you, I shall encrease your astonishment still farther, by desiring to have a short conversation with this stranger, while you walk aside.

Admiral. What, leave you alone with a pick-pocket, a housebreaker? I tell you, he has pistols in his pockets, or a swashing cutlass in his coat-lining! Rachel, Rachel, you are a poor ignorant woman, you can't tell what instruments these fellows may have about them.

Rachel. You are mistaken, brother, this is no robber, I am persuaded.

Admiral. Oh Rachel, Rachel, is it come to this after all!—I did think for your sake, that there might be such a thing as a woman without folly or frailty; but you are determined that I shall not die with too favourable an opinion of your sex—for shame Rachel, for shame—'tis too bad—too bad indeed.

Rachel. A few minutes will convince you, brother, that if I merited your good opinion before, I shall not be likely to forfeit it on the present occasion.

Admiral. May be so, may be so, Rachel, it has an odd look however; have a care of yourself, old girl; if you should do a foolish thing, it won't be taken as if one of your prudes had been guilty of a little trespass, who prepare people for their fall, by the fusts they make about
their

their virtue. You'll have a hot birth on't, my old lass, you will—but however mind I give you fair warning.
[Retires.]

Julia. Dear madam, vouchsafe to hear my wretched story.

Rachel. As I know not what impression my brother's strange conjectures may have made on your opinion, suffer me to gain a little credit, by sparing you the trouble of informing me that you are Miss Wingrove.

Julia. Madam !

Rachel. Dear young lady, be not alarmed at this discovery, for never was there more sincere commiseration than what your sufferings have produced in me.

Julia. Oh, madam, how has my wretched situation been made known to you ? and by what means may I obtain your friendship ?

Rachel. I have but one condition to propose, and that is an unreserved communication of the circumstances that have involved you in this distress—that made, for I cannot admit an idea of criminality in you, I can assure you not only of my own protection, but my brother's ; who is as warm in his attachments, as he is rash and hasty in forming conclusions from first appearances ; but my brother returns ; I would not meet him till I can inform him of the whole. This way, dear Miss Wingrove.

[Retire to an alcove.]

Enter Admiral.

Admiral. What isn't this tete-a-tete over yet ! what, they retire at the sight of me—Oh ! guilt ! guilt ! I'll observe you tho'—why she seems to be courting him ! I'll be sunk if it isn't so—Aye, Rachel, now you have flung aside propriety, decency, I fancy, will soon follow. Women I find, never love to do silly things by-halves ; when once they slip cable on a voyage of folly, let them bring them to that can. Particularly your reasoning sort of sensible, elderly gentlewomen—for when they have fairly passed the equinox of life, they know they sail with a trade wind, and the devil can't stop them, till they are snug in harbour with a yoke fellow, after a tedious passage of difficult virginity. By all that's scandalous she takes his hand—

F

Oh

Oh sit down, sit down, my gentle swain—Why he's weeping still—sink me if ever I saw such a water-ey'd puppy. Not but there was something in his distress that mov'd me—if circumstances had not been so strong against him, I should no more have taken him for a thief than for a sailor—What, must he have your smelling-bottle too—why she has left him in the harbour, and comes this way—she looks as if she saw me too—can she face me? will she brazen out her folly? (*Rachel advances*) Well, Mrs. Rachel Cleveland.

Rachel. Well, brother, I came to clear up all your doubts and difficulties.

Admiral. Oh don't take so much trouble, madam, it is sufficiently clear already, I give you my word.

Rachel. Nay, then I perceive you are under your old mistake, so I shall explain all at once. This way, my dear. (*To Julia.*)

Admiral. My dear! By heaven that's too much—What, no shame, Rachel!

Rachel. Now learn your error, brother, and give me leave to recommend to your protection (*Julia advances, Rachel takes her hand, the Admiral going out in a rage.*) Miss Julia Wingrove.

Admiral. What's that, Rachel! who did you say?

Rachel. This young lady, brother, whose misfortunes you have heard in part, is Miss Julia Wingrove; I am convinced she deserves your friendship, and it is evident she is much in need of it.

Admiral. And she shall have it cost what it will. Young lady! why what a fool have I made of myself—Can you excuse an old fellow, madam, who frequently lets his hasty temper run away with his slow wits?

Julia. Your present kindness, sir, infinitely overpays the fears occasioned by your misconception.

Admiral. You must seal my pardon, miss, by a salute, or I shan't think we are fairly reconciled. Rachel, I don't apologize to you, as I know your forgiveness is always close in tow of my repentance; but as for you, lady fair, since you have been forced upon my coast, they must fight through fire and water for you that drive you out to sea again.

Julia.

Julia. Do not, I beseech you, sir, let your generous compassion for me lead you into danger; the bare idea of such a consequence would compel me to forego the comfort of your hospitable protection.

Admiral. Oh don't let your little fearful heart begin conjuring up vexations, it'll do me a great deal of good—make my blood circulate—I have been too long out of action—a vast while too long—I am mere still water—spoiling for want of motion—a little hurricane or two will shake me clear again. I want a bit of a storm for the quiet of my old days, and a little wholesome danger will promote the safety of my health, so away with your fears, my little fink—'Sblood, I was getting on the old tack again.

Julia. But, dear sir.—

Admiral. Do Rachel, tell her what an obstinate old fellow I am, and that it is only wasting her ammunition to oppose me.

Rachel. There is so much generosity, brother, in the substance of what you say, that I have no inclination to dispute about the expression of it. Miss Wingrove, if you please, you shall lay aside this dress.

Julia. Gladly, madam.

Admiral. Come, young lady, let me be your conductor, and they that can make prize of British beauty when under the convoy of a British admiral, must have more weight of metal about them than the whole bulk of your lubberly relations, saving your presence, in a body—so cheerly, my little angel—bear up——“Blest isle with beauty, &c.” (*Singing.*) [Exeunt,

Scene changes to Lord Dartford's house.

Lord Dartford and Jenkins.

Lord Dartford. So this triumph of my attractions, as I had so naturally believed, was a sham after all—Death, how dared this faucy baggage venture to set her pert wits on so hazardous a deception—but my turn may come, and if she should marry this bouncer Wingrove, and grow

disgusted with him, which of course must be the case, it will be in vain that she turns her eyes to me, I assure her. —But what's to be done in this affair?

Jenkins. Can't your lordship disown having sent any proposals to Miss Herbert.

Lord Dartford. How can I do that; you delivered the letter, didn't you?

Jenkins. Yes, my lord, but he must be a very indifferent servant whose memory cannot fail him a little, for the advantage of his master.

Lord Dartford. Well, we must consign that difficulty to the eclairsissement of time and better fortune—but in the interim this refusal of Miss Herbert's makes it of importance to recover this wandering nymph as soon as possible. Did Thomas, do you say, trace a young gentleman, resembling Miss Wingrove to Admiral Cleveland's?

Jenkins. He did, my Lord, and was almost certain it was herself.

Lord Dartford. If it should prove so, and she obtains shelter there, I think it might be easy to watch for her in the garden, and steal her thence, but first the Admiral must be watched out though—remember that;—there may be danger else.

Jenkins. That's one of the cases, my Lord, in which my memory never fails me.

Lord Dartford. Well then, let's about it instantly—If I could meet with the lady, there is no harsh treatment to her that the old Baronet will not interpret into respect for him; and as for the swaggerer, his son, let him know of my attempt upon his mistress, when I am married to his sister, with all my heart—Decency will prevent him from killing me then; and as for his opinion, as that is innocent of any effect upon the body, we must endeavour to endure it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Miss Herbert's.*

Miss Herbert. I don't know how it is, but I feel a sort of uneasiness about me, as if something had happened to vex me. What can it be? forgetful creature that I am—

am—Miss Wingrove's distresses to be sure. Yet that is not a novelty at the present moment; and then the persevering absurdity of her lofty brother—ha! ha!—Sits the wind in that quarter? Well, I can't help it. I am afraid he is not quite indifferent to me; yet I must tame him out of this unreasonable haughtiness before marriage, that he may be entitled to the just pride of a husband when he becomes one.

Enter Wingrove.

Bless me, how came you here?—Always stealing upon one?

Wingrove. I am so truly ashamed, madam—I cannot—

Miss Herbert. Come, sir, there is an eloquent humility in your manner that speaks for you. I have once before to-day construed your meaning; and I begin to flatter myself I shall not be a less faithful interpreter now, when I suppose that you are indeed a penitent for the treatment to which you have exposed your sister.

Wingrove. Indeed, indeed, I am so.

Miss Herbert. I am rejoiced to hear it. You have read the letter I gave you?

Wingrove. I have, madam.

Miss Herbert. Well, in all this wide world of caprice and uncertainty, there is but one thing infallible.

Wingrove. What is that?

Miss Herbert. That!—Why that a man of rank never violates his plighted honour, and that birth involves in it every human virtue.

Wingrove. Perfidious scoundrel—I'll tear him piecemeal.

Miss Herbert. Tear your own prejudices from your heart, Mr. Wingrove.

Wingrove. They are gone, madam; and I have no other proof that they ever had an existence in my bosom, but the mortified sensibility which they have left behind them.

Miss Herbert. Come, sir, keep up your spirits; you will do charmingly, I am convinced.

Wingrove. Nay; I am not now a convert to your opinion, my Harriet.

Miss Herbert. What a relapse.

Wingrove. No. I only mean to say, this is not the first time of my life in which I have thought as you do. Reason has had many ineffectual struggles with prejudice in my mind upon this subject before. But, henceforth, I disclaim all reverence for such idle superstitions—I despise birth, and all the vanities which attend it.

Miss Herbert. Now, Mr. Wingrove, I do not think so well of your case as I did. I am, myself, no peevish, morose caviller at birth. It is always graceful, and often useful; when it operates as a motive to a kind and honourable emulation with the illustrious dead; but when those who possess the advantage, endeavour to make it a substitute for every other excellence, then indeed I think the offender is entitled to no gentler sentiment than my contempt, or my pity.

Wingrove. My Harriet, shall, from this time, regulate my opinions in every thing,—and now may I hope—

Miss Herbert. Not now! not now——Go home and be upon the watch to avail yourself of the first opportunity to reconcile every thing. Let this be the first probation of your recovery; and if, when next we meet, I should find matters in a way that promises general happiness, perhaps I may not be so cruel to myself as to deny you the civility of partaking in it.

Wingrove. Charming Harriet! [Exeunt separately.]

SCENE IV. *The Admiral's Garden.*

Enter Mrs. Rachel, Welford, and Young Manly.

Rachel. Excuse me, Mr. Manly, Miss Wingrove's feelings have been lately too much agitated for me to suffer her to be exposed to new conflicts.

Young Manly. Madam, I came here to satisfy my anxious doubts about Miss Wingrove's safety; being once assured of that, I resign myself to the despair I have so justly merited. [Walks off.]

Welford.

Welford. Nay, but madam, don't let your generous compassion for the fair sufferer entirely prevail over the penitent misery of the offender—let them but meet, and leave the rest to chance.

Rachel. Well, sir, if I can prevail, Mr. Manly shall see Miss Wingrove—but let him understand I will not have her urged upon any point, and the length of the interview must be entirely left to her own pleasure and discretion.

Welford. It shall, madam—I engage for his obedience in every thing. (*Exit Rachel.*) Come, Manly, throw away your despair. Mrs. Cleveland is gone to bring in your Julia.

Young Manly. Call her back, I beseech you. I dare not meet my injured love—Call her back, I intreat you; though I feel this kindness from you, Welford, with double force, after my late behaviour to you—how could I suspect you?

Welford. No more of that—Here she comes without my trouble, and with her—Shall I send them back?

Enter Mrs. Rachel and Julia.

[*As soon as they see each other Manly kneels, and Julia reclines on Mrs. Rachel.*]

Young Manly. Oh! Julia.

Julia. Mr. Manly!

Young Manly. Oh! my lov'd Julia, I dare not approach you; yet let me survey that form, where every virtue claims its own impression. Let me see anger aggravated by sweetness, and justice in her most awful form, invested in all the terrors of offended beauty. Look on me but whilst I describe the agonies I have endured for your sufferings, and the pangs I have undergone for my inextinguishable guilt. I do not expect to be forgiven—only say you will endeavour not to hate me; and I go, my Julia—if you will have it so, for ever.

Julia. Mr. Manly, I cannot very easily hate—nay, sir, I even forgive you—but if your hopes, which I can hardly suppose,

Suppose, should exceed this prudent limit, they deceive you.

Welford. Come, Miss Wingrove, let me hope you will consider this matter. I will not press it now—but—

Julia. My obligations to you, sir, have been important indeed; but this is not a topic even for the claims of gratitude. Mr. Manly, I am sure, will not oppose the only plan of comfort that is left me—a quiet, peaceful seclusion.

Young Manly. No, my Julia, no—never will I disturb your repose.

Julia. I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cleveland; but indeed I am not well.

Rachel. Be seated, my dear. I intreat you to take your leave for the present, gentlemen.

Miss Manly. Rascal that I am!

[*Exeunt Manly and Welford.*]

Rachel. Keep up your spirits. I'll step into the house and fetch something for your relief, my dear. (*Exit.*)

Julia. I am sorry, madam.

Enter Lord Dartford and Jenkins, with Servants behind.

Lord Dartford. There she is—and alone, by all that's lucky. Lose no time. You are sure the Admiral is not at home?

Jenkins. Quite sure, my Lord.

Lord Dartford. Very well; lose no time; advance.

[*They seize Julia.*]

Julia. What means this rudeness—Help! help!—Oh help me, or I am lost.

Re-enter Manly, Welford, and Rachel.

Young Manly. My Julia's voice! [*Jenkins runs away.*]

Lord Dartford. Take care, Mr. Manly—We are well armed—take care, I say.

Young Manly. Dastardly villain— a pistol.

[*Strikes it out of his hand.—The Dartford party escape.*]
How is my Julia?—Thank heaven that has afforded me an opportunity of being serviceable to her in any thing.

Welford.

Welford. How fare you, madam?

Julia. Much beholden, gentlemen to you both; but weary of this life of alarms and rescues.

Enter Admiral's Servant.

Servant. Your father, sir William, madam, is within, enquiring for you.

Julia. I will intrude upon you so much further as to lead me to my father instantly.

Young Manly. To your father!—Must it be so, Julia?

Julia. Do not oppose my request, Mr. Manly; I am resolved to throw myself upon his mercy.—My misfortunes may have softened him. Will you be kind enough, madam, to accompany me? I shall need your friendly offices.

Rachel. Miss Wingrove may command me in any thing.

Young Manly. Come then, my Julia, and let me deliver you up to that father from whose capricious cruelty I so lately thought to have given you a happy and lasting freedom.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *The Admiral's House.*

Enter Sir William, Miss Julia, Mrs. Rachel, Young Manly, and Mr. Welford.

Sir William. I am overjoyed at your safety, Julia; but yet your leaving me——

Rachel. Nay, Sir William, if the step your daughter took was imprudent, who forced her to it? Who was it that compelled her to seek an uncertain refuge among strangers?

Sir William. 'Sdeath, madam, what had my conduct to do with her disobedience? 'Tis true, Lord Dartford's proposals to Miss Herbert render him unworthy of my alliance; but is not this man a plebeian—a fellow of yesterday?

Welford. Here, sir, you must allow me the liberty of observing, that Mr. Manly's recent services to your daughter, which you have just heard, merit a more liberal return.

Sir William.

Sir William. That's very true, indeed—very true—I am sorry, indeed. I beg you ten thousand pardons, upon my word, sir.

Enter Mr. Wingrove.

Wingrove. Where is she?

[*Runs to Julia.*

Sir William. 'Gad, I must retrieve my dignity in time, or William will be in a tremendous fury—I say, sir, for any thing I know, you may be a very good sort of person, but you will excuse me if I decline disgracing my family by a connection with one of your condition..

Wingrove. What's that?

Sir William. I say, young gentleman, you have done my family a service—I acknowledge it—I am grateful for it—but——

Wingrove. Nay, sir, now let me interpose. I have long been sensible of Mr. Manly's merits, and have placed myself in the way of the accomplishment of his wishes from causes, which at this moment I feel no delight in contemplating.

Sir William. Why, what's all this? Why, William, is it you?—Are you sure it is you?

Wingrove. If identity depends upon the mind, sir, I glory in saying it is not—but, permit me to tell you, sir, we have been too long unjust to the merit of Mr. Manly, and to the preference of the unhappy Julia—besides, sir, after what has happened it will be necessary, even to the pride of your house, that an immediate union should take place between Julia and Mr. Manly.

Sir William. Well, if the necessity of the case forbids the possibility of a choice, I desire it to be understood—I give my free consent.

Young Manly. Do you hear this, my Julia? Pardon me, but can I be blamed if I am astonished into audacious hope.

Julia. Do not, Mr. Manly, renew a solicitation that may tend to plunge me into the guilt of disobedience a second time.

Enter

Enter Old Manly, Miss Manly, and Miss Herbert.

Old Manly. Mrs. Cleveland, you will excuse an impatient set of people who have too much affection for that inconsiderate fellow there, but hearing something of a skirmish here, in which he had borne a part, we could not resist a kind of curiosity to know the particulars. I would have come by myself, but though my wife was too much frightened to be able to stir abroad, my daughter was too much alarmed to be able to stay at home, and so here we are together.

Wingrove. You are heartily welcome, sir, and I hope we shall all be better friends before we part.

Mr. Welford. [*To Miss Manly.*] Dare I hope, now, that my Emma has dismissed her doubts?

Miss Manly. Name them not, dear Mr. Welford, I beseech you.

Enter Admiral Cleveland.

Admiral. Why, Hollo Rachel! What's all this. There was I gone to attend the examination of that smuggling dog Larron, and the woman he lives with, for receiving stolen goods, when in comes a hue and cry after me, with a Canterbury tale of your being run away with—I confess I did not give much credit to that part of the story, because thinks I, an old maid, whatever may be the value of her lading, is a sort of neutral vessel, that all nations, to do them justice, hold very sacred from attack. I am glad to see you all at my house. Well, sir William, may an old seaman, who boasts no larger store of arms than the short allowance which nature gave him, presume to strike hands with a man whose ancestry bore command while Noah was a midshipman, eh!

Sir William. I don't very well understand the intention of your speech, Admiral, but your kindness to my daughter spoke a language that could not be misinterpreted. I hope you'll excuse our breaking in upon you in this manner.

Enter

Enter O'Donnel.

Who sent for you, sir?

O'Donnel. An plase your honour they have secured the smart little gentleman below, that made such a dirdum about Miss—and we want to know what your honour intends to do wid him? Wheder your honour wou'd give him de liberty to be set in de stocks, or wou'd like better that he shou'd take a pritty little walk in de horse pond, your honour.

Sir William. Who is it the fellow means?

Young Manly. Lord Dartford, I suppose.

Young Wingrove. Oh, let him go—[*Exit O'Donnel*—] you cannot punish him—he is above your ridicule—for he is below your contempt.

Old Manly. But, I say, Admiral—

Admiral. Well, my friend.

Old Manly. I was only going to say, that as this lord cannot but feel himself at this juncture in a sort of an awkward kind of a taking it would be good natured in you, and I am sure very agreeable to the company, to go to him and give him a little of your comfort—he's only vexed now at his disappointment—but go to him, worthy Admiral—do—and console him into perfect misery.

Admiral. Nay, my worthy friend, no more of that, I beseech you, it was only a small splice of forecable mer-riment—the last faculty an old seaman parts with, is a little sort of a sneaking fondness for a joke—and as it is often the only comfort that sticks to him after a life of service, it would be hard to deprive him of that.

Old Manly. So, when you are no longer fit for duty, you kindly turn the hulk into a tender, and make it a crazy receptacle for forced jokes, and pressed witticisms. Well, I forgive you.

Admiral. [*to old Manly.*] Thank you, thank you—and now, Manly, I give you joy.

Old Manly. Eh!—what—joy!—I entreat you my good friend—joy from you—

Admiral. Nay, I am serious now—I heartily congratulate on the approaching happiness, I hope, of this wicked,

wicked, honest fellow of a son of your's--the conduct of this lord has brought him into the wind of my favour again--well, they may say what they will about the degeneracy of the times, and the falling off of our morals, and all that; but, to my thinking, we improve in every thing except in fighting, and in that--though we may equal--damn me, if we can better the good old model of our forefathers. I remember in my younger years, there were some few scattered remnants of such chaps as his lordship--some remains of your old school of beaux, who had been the insects of the former century, and which I had hoped were all extinct by this time; who, like him were shewy and dangerous, fitter for manœvering than action, and more gaudy in their tackle, than found in their bottom--whereas, for ought I see, the striplings of these days, like this pickle Manly, have all the gaiety of their predecessors, with not a quarter of their foppery; and with less vice in their hearts, have more nature in their follies. [*Miss Wingrove advances.*]

Julia. I can deny nothing, madam, to the kind eloquence of such an advocate, the more so, when all powerful as it is, it receives some small assistance, I fear, from the persuasions of my own heart--and now, Manly, may a poor, persecuted fugitive hope at last for a happy asylum from the severities of her fortunes? Shall I trust myself again to the precarious direction of so fickle a guide--yes, I will trust, most confidently trust thee, for where there is generosity as the foundation of virtue in a man's nature, the memory of a woman's sorrows will secure her against a repetition of the cause of them, nor with such a mind, can her affection fondly bestowed, ever be quite hopeless of a return.

Young Manly. Dearest Julia, I will not injure either my gratitude or my love, by any attempt to convey them through the feeble vehicle of words--let my life speak the sincerity of my repentance, and the homage of my devoted affection: and as for that vice in particular which has protracted my happiness, and, but for the generous kindness of your brother, might have intercepted it for

ever, I renounce it to the end of my life—I abjure it—
no never shall I offend my intemperance again. Unless——

Julia. Unless, Manly!

Wingrove. Unless, Mr. Manly!

Young Manly. Unless one favouring smile from this
company should hurry us all into an unexpected excess—
an intemperance of **HONEST GRATITUDE.**

F I N I S.

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EPILOGUE,

WRITTEN BY THE

Right Hon. LIEUT. GENERAL BURGOYNE,

Spoken by MRS. JORDAN.

MANY a shop hangs forth, in Wit's behalf,
Fugitive Pieces—neatly bound in calf;
With better hopes inspir'd, our Author sues,
Refuge in this Asylum of the muse:
One little corner of this ample space,
Where Fugitives by hundreds *shall* have place.
For instance, now—each class in order due,
Fugitive Critics—I begin to you.
To you, who migrate from that cruel school
Which tries an author, but to prove him fool;
Who quit the path by partial rigour trod;
More pleas'd to weave the bays than lift the rod;
To you, our judges in the last resort,
Wide fly our doors—behold your sov'reign court;
O'er Tragic rights, o'er Comic laws preside,
Temper your monitor and taste your guide.

To those who bear not from mere trill of tongue,
Words of soft nothing, by soft nothing sung,
[Sings.] But one dull chime in *Solo, Duo, Trio,*
Ah! *Mio Bel*, to—Ah, Bel Idol *Mio*.
Who by no forcery of fashion bound,
Listen for sense e'er they applaud the sound;
We offer shelter in well-hearing seats,
And our best promise of united treats.
Next for friend *John*, this country's strength and pride,
Plain, frugal, competent, and satisfied.
Who flying alehouse, ribaldry and strife,
Takes Sue in arm, for John ne'er flies his wife—
And dedicates to an inviting play,
The extra gainings of a lucky day.

EPILOGUE.

To yonder harbour may they press in crowds
 Our faithful overseers in the clouds !
 Sometimes, 'tis true, for *Musick* eager grown,
Wheugh goes an overture in notes their own ;
 And sometimes sterling joke appearing scarce,
 They roar for hornpipe to eke out a farce ;
 But still true nature, be it laugh or tear,
 Finds with electric touch its centre there.
 The pregnant sense of right disdains controul,
 And the rough hand reports the honest soul.

Now for that speaking look of gay sixteen,
 A look so arch, what breadth of fan can screen ?
 Tho' timid, curious—innocent—but fly—
 It asks, in speech call'd Whisper of the Eye—
 Sister--dear me—what—what are we to fly ?

Man-- Monster man—in specious colours hid—
 I mean not *all* the race, no, Heaven forbid !
 I mean the wretch who sighs but to betray,
 Take flight before temptation checks your way.
 Hard is the trial 'gainst a traitor's art,
 A heedless moment and a tender heart—

Take flight from these—of the mere breeze beware,
 Start like the frightened dove that gains the air,
 Nor trusts her wing to flutter o'er the snare.

Welcome, sweet fugitives ; there (*to the boxes*) fearless
 sit,

Where Beauty's girdle binds the realm of wit :
 And virtue breath'd from our bright forms below,
 Shall waft its essence to our topmost row.

Such are the Fugitives whom we invite,
 To aid the humble brother of to-night.
He in your justice may securely trust,
 But *my* hopes tell me, you'll be more than just ;
 And spare one precious moment of applause,
 E'en to the FUGITIVE who pleads his cause.

